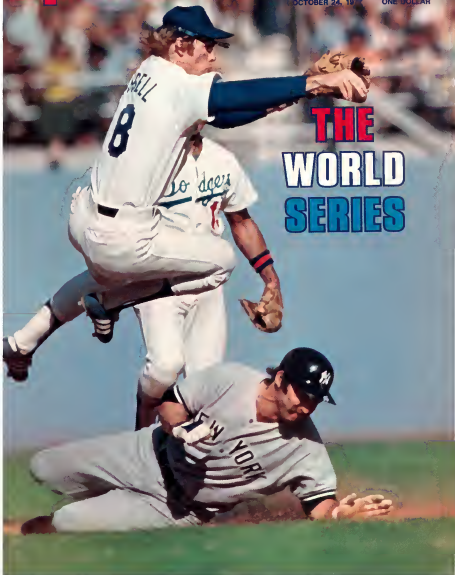


Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 24, 1977

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Next Week

PRO BASKETBALL opens with Portland in the champion's seat and Blazersmania rampant. Garry Klinkpatrick ponders that phenomenon in his assessment of the league, and John Papantoni analyzes the Enforcers on the court, including the Blazers' main man, Maurice Lucas. Harry Benson adds a photo essay on these tough customers, there are full scouting reports and former New York Knicks notifiable Bill Bradley discusses what it takes to build a winning team. The answer is not just money. All this plus coverage of the week's major events.

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America believes in free trade, that's why. Our import doors are open wider than any other nation's. And as "free enter-prises," American steel producers wouldn't have it any other way.

We also believe in fair trade. Most foreign steel companies are either owned, subsidized, financed, aided, and/or protected in one way or another by their governments. They don't have the same pressure we do to operate profitably or generate capital.

Unfair competition

We believe that much of the steel imported into the U.S. is being "dumped"—that is, sold at prices lower than those charged in the producer's own country, and usually below that foreign steelmaker's full costs of production. Dumping is illegal, but it has been hard to prove.

Imported steel means exported jobs

During periods of slack demand at home, foreign steelmakers push to maintain high production rates and high employment. Result: a worldwide glut of steel...much of it exported to America, priced to sell...thousands of American steelworkers laid off or working short hours.

Needed: fair rules

Bethlehem and the American steel industry are not "protectionist." We are not looking for permanent trade barriers against foreign steel coming into our home markets. But we do believe steel producers the world over should follow fair trading practices. All we're asking is a chance to compete on fair and equal terms here in our own country.

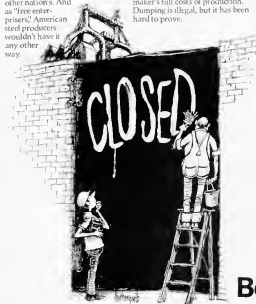
Washington must help

We urge the U.S. Government to insist on fair trading practices in steel, especially that steel imports be priced to at least cover their full costs of production and sale...to arrange for prompt temporary relief from the current excessive flow of steel imports...and to press for international governmental negotiations leading to an effective international agreement on steel trade.

If you agree with us about the seriousness of this problem, please write your representatives in Washington and tell them so.

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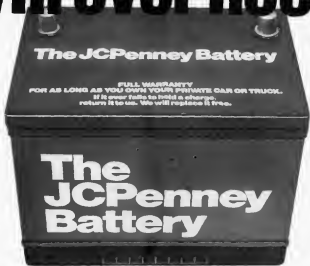
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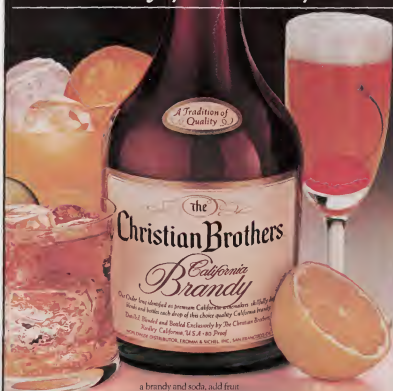
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Collect U.S. Commemoratives. They're fun. They're history. They're America.

Shopwalk

by CRAIG BUCK

IF SKATEBOARDING IS TOO TAME, STEP A MAST, HOIST A SAIL, AND TAKE OFF

The Mojave Desert is alive with multicolored sails. The setting sun has painted the landscape orange and the shadows purple, and the yellow, orange, red and blue sails seem almost fluorescent. What makes these colorful sails different from others is that they are not attached to boats but to skateboards, dubbed WindSkates by their inventor, 33-year-old James Budge of Santa Monica, who is gliding across the lake bed with his wind-skating buddies.

Two years ago Budge, a California surfer and surfing-film producer, came up with a workable design for a sailing skateboard, patented it and founded WindSkate, Inc. (P.O. Box 1081, Santa Monica, Calif. 90403). Budge sells about 50 WindSkates a month, with orders coming in from as far away as Japan.

The cost of a WindSkate ranges from \$100

to \$170, depending on whether you prefer to attach it to your own skateboard or buy the one offered by Budge, and whether you want non-essential frills, such as a bag for the sail or a WindSkate T shirt. A cheaper plastic sail was discontinued in favor of nylon. Nylon is not only stronger, more easily repaired and more responsive to the wind, but it also cushions falling bodies and, unlike the more brittle plastic, its smooth surface often allows one to slide to a harmless stop. Besides, yes, but Budge has yet to hear of a broken bone.

The aluminum mast to which a WindSkate sail is attached is 12 feet tall. The aluminum boom is eight feet long. The entire assembly, including the sail, folds down to a seven-pound, six-foot-long package eight inches in diameter for easy transporting. Though dry lake beds are the most esthetically appealing to WindSkaters, empty parking lots, deserted highways, ice (with blades instead of wheels attached to the skateboard), bike paths, abandoned runways—any unencumbered flat surface—serve almost as well.

Wind skating is not for the chickenhearted because the sensation lies somewhere between flying and falling. "Leaning into the sail," says Budge, "allows the pressure of the wind to sustain the skater's weight." Otherwise,

the sail will knock the skater off the board. In a really strong wind, the skater may find himself at about a 45° angle to the ground. And if a sudden gust hits the sail, muscles must strain to hold it. This is the ultimate thrill of the sport, like the high-speed curve in auto racing, the backside bottom in surfing, the unexpected updraft in hang gliding.

Having logged more hours on WindSkates (perhaps 1,000) than anyone else, Budge is the world's best all-round skater, but others are skidding after his records. Mike Faden and Dave Melin of Santa Monica share the officially clocked speed record of 40 mph (the unofficial record is 55 mph). Dan Thor, also of Santa Monica, holds the continuous-distance record of 10 miles, having wind-skated down the California coast from Marina Del Rey to Redondo Beach and back on bike paths and sidewalks.

Budge is planning a magazine or newsletter for wind skaters and is forming the WindSkate Association, which will sponsor events that include downwind speed sprints, open-area freestyle and long-distance marathons. Budge plans to stick strictly to exhibition skating. "I won't compete," says Budge. "I don't want to have to constantly defend my title, like a WindSkate gunslinger." **END**

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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

COLLEGE BASKETBALL SCANDALS ARE SMOTHERED BY A LOT OF MEGATHINK

Many writers nowadays are trying to write about sports from a larger perspective. In brief, sports is a manifestation—and an important one—of American society. Few of them are succeeding. Too often the genre that might be called sports sociology manages to be neither one nor the other. The sports are written about in a self-consciously arty style and the sociology is strictly amateur.

As a case in point, take a new book called *The Game They Played* by Stanley Cohen (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, \$8.95). You would have to go a long way to find a better subject than the one Cohen has chosen—the college basketball scandals of the early '50s, when disclosures of point shaving by leading players at other colleges in New York and beyond. Unfortunately, you would also have to go a long way to find a more disappointing book.

The Game They Played is both a curious and an irritating piece of work. Curious, because Cohen seems at once infatuated and embarrassed by his subject, irritated, because he intimates himself into the story and because he looks out at the hinterlands from the vantage point of New York with the kind of condescension that makes even the most level-headed provincials hate the big city.

Cohen clearly loves basketball and knows that the story of the scandal is well worth telling, but he insists on wrapping it in a blanket of deep thinking that quickly smothers it. He gives us a lot of heavy breathing about McCarthyism and the '50s, and a lot of nonsense about the loss of innocence and the coming of cynicism. The result is that he almost seems to deny the legitimacy of the story he is telling—yet few stories in or out of sports are more poignant, even heartbreaking, than this fundamental tale of cupidity and naivete and shattered lives.

To make matters worse, he mixes into this unlikely brew of jock prose and sociological megathink a wholly gratuitous personal reminiscence about his own non-career as a basketball player; he weeps it in false modesty, referring to himself as "one" or "you," but the self-preoccupation glitters through. So, too, does the arrogance of the New Yorker who thinks the rest of the country is inhabited by hicks and pigs.

Great subject, awful book. Let's hope someone else does the story justice. **END**

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THE CARS OF ITALY

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT H. BOYLE

REPORTER

The enmity between the football people at the University of Oklahoma and the Oklahoma City press, which erupted last year when the Oklahoma City *Times* correctly reported that the NCAA was conducting an investigation into charges of ticket scalping by players (SI, Dec. 13, 1976), has flared up again. This time Coach Barry Switzer has barred Walt Jayroe, a sportswriter for the *Daily Oklahoman*, from practices and from interviewing players. This bit of childishness came about after Jayroe refused to heed Switzer's request that writers suppress the fact that Defensive Tackle Phil Tabor missed the Thursday practice before the Texas game because of a knee injury.

"I asked all three papers who were here that day not to run the story," says Switzer. "The other guys didn't mention it. Walt said he felt he had to write it. It's gotten to be a one-way street with him."

Jayroe reported the news of Tabor's injury in the last paragraph of an eight-paragraph story and noted that Switzer planned to play Tabor against Texas. "I'm a reporter," Jayroe says. Dean Bailey, another writer barred by Switzer for one afternoon because he works for the *Daily Oklahoman*, says, "People here don't understand that reporters aren't supposed to be fans."

BING CROSBY

Bing Crosby, who died last week after a round of golf in Spain, was a sportsman. A fine golfer who had 13 holes in one during his life, he started a small tournament for his friends, and it grew into the Bing Crosby National Pro-Am. For some years he maintained a racing stable. His favorite horse was Meadow Court, which won the Irish Derby in 1965, just a day after Bing bought a one-third interest. He bought and built up (and later sold) Del Mar racetrack. He thought up the track's slogan, "Where the Turf Meets the Surf," and occasionally did the track announcing. He

was a part owner and a vice-president of the Pittsburgh Pirates.

He was a skilled fisherman in both fresh and salt water, and for 16 years he held the world record for a rainbow runner on 12-pound-test line. He was a hunter who shot for the table, not for the wall. An ardent conservationist, he generously lent his name and efforts to causes in which he believed.

THE MIGHTY ATOM

One of the most remarkable strong men in the world is also dead. Joseph L. Greenstein died in Brooklyn at the patriarchal age of 84, and right up to last May he had been performing feats of strength.

Known as the Mighty Atom because of his diminutive size (5' 4½", 145 pounds), Greenstein was born in Poland and was trained by a circus wrestler. He emigrated to the U.S. in 1911, became a roustabout in the Texas oil fields and eventually went on the vaudeville circuit. He could twist horseshoes with his bare hands and break chains with his chest, but he was best known for more bizarre feats of strength. By lifting weights with his hair, which he wore shoulder length, he built up a half-inch layer of muscle on the top of his skull. "Putting your hand on the top of his head was like touching a man's arm muscle," says Ed Spielman, the creator of TV's *Kung Fu* and author of a forthcoming biography of the Mighty Atom. With a chain attached to his hair, Greenstein pulled a loaded truck weighing 32 tons, a record, and on another occasion he used his hair to prevent an airplane from taking off.

The 1976 Guinness Book of World Records credited the Mighty Atom with having the world's "strongest bite," because he could chomp wrought-iron nails in half. "Bring your own nails," he would tell skeptics. Around 1962, Greenstein fractured three molars after some wise guy slipped him a tempered spike, and shortly afterward the Mighty Atom showed up at the offices of *Strength* and

Health in York, Pa., where he announced, "I think I'll bite the last nail for you people." The nail is now on exhibit at the York Hall of Fame.

An early student of the martial arts (he studied jujitsu in Japan in 1912), the Mighty Atom was not one to back down in an argument. Years ago in Texas, an assailant shot Greenstein between the eyes with a revolver. The bullet flattened itself on bone above his right eye and Greenstein, who suffered only a deep wound, carried the slug as a watch fob.

As biographer Spielman says, "The Mighty Atom was a little man with a giant spirit."

GOAT FEELINGS

It has been said that football players should have a sense of the visceral, but some people in Florida are taking it a bit far. Chris Duffy, a center at Stanshaw High School in Fort Lauderdale, gained 20 pounds before the season by blending the brain of a cow, the pancreas of a pig, the liver of a Black Angus, the spleen of a sow and occasionally a cow's heart



or a pig's kidney with apple juice, and then drinking the concoction.

"I had to hold my nose to get it down," says Duffy, who has suspended the diet temporarily. "There's really no way to describe the taste. I used to drink it maybe four, maybe five times a day, and then eat one big meal at night." No one dared ask Duffy what he ate at the big meal.

Then there is Larry Canaday, coach at Eau Gallie High. School officials have ordered him to stop biting off the heads of frogs during pregame huddles. "Our kids loved it," Canaday says. "They would say, 'Look how wild the coach is, let's get wild, too.' Last year we were winners,

continued

9-1, and people loved it. But now we are losing, 1-3, and certain intellectuals will use this as an excuse to pick on football."

DOWNDRAFT

The National Hockey League's waiver draft, designed to help have-not teams by stripping talent-rich teams, flopped last week. When the draft was approved last June, Clarence Campbell, the retiring NHL president, said, "What we want is to move bodies around." But only three bodies moved last week: Goalie Wayne Thomas from Toronto to New York and penalty killer Dave Forbes from Boston to Washington, for \$12,500 each, and Center Paul Woods from Nova Scotia, a Montreal farm, to Detroit for \$50,000.

Colorado, which can use players, passed. So did Cleveland. "We offered some very good hockey players," says Sam Pollock of Montreal. "I'm surprised that only one of them was taken. People accuse me of having all the best players, so I was willing to spread some out—and still there were no takers."

Salaries were one reason for little spending. Detroit offered Goalie Eddie Giacoma, who is in the \$100,000 a year class, and Chicago made Dennis Hull, who also earns a six-figure salary, available. Another reason is that with each team allowed to protect 18 players and two goalies, there are not enough good players left to warrant drafting.

FATHERS AND SONS

Shades of Horse Feathers, in which Groucho helps his son (Zeppo) and the rest of the Huxley College football team to victory over archrival Darwin. For one reason or another there is a plethora of father-and-son acts in football this season. On occasion, the sons' heroics almost match the Marx Brothers'.

To wit, on the same Saturday last September, the sons of two Pennsylvania college coaches helped win games with an identical amount of time remaining. Jack Kopnisky, the son of Grove City Coach Joe Kopnisky, caught a 54-yard touchdown pass to beat Bethany 20-14, with only 32 seconds left, while some 70 miles away, as the football flies, Steve Neal, son of Indiana (Pa.) University Coach Bill Neal, threw a three-yard roll-out pass to defeat Juniata 14-7, with 32 seconds left.

It doesn't always work that way. Coach Bob Cummings of Iowa benched Bob Jr., a freshman quarterback known,

naturally, as "the second Comanings," after he had a miserable first half against UCLA. As dad says, "Having his old man as coach didn't help him keep the starting job, did it?" Strong Safety Jonathan Claiborne of Maryland, the son of Coach Jerry Claiborne, was distraught after two long touchdown passes were caught by his man in a loss to West Virginia. Says Jonathan, "I'm sure it must be tough on him [dad] not only to have his safety blow the coverage, but also have his son blow the coverage. But just as I have to accept it, he has to accept it."

Coach John McKay of the NFL's Tampa Bay has one son, J. K. McKay, playing wide receiver for him, and another son, Rick, is a freshman quarterback at Princeton. There are a number of sons playing, but not for their fathers. Ted Marchibroda Jr., son of the Colts coach, is a wide receiver for Virginia, but he has caught only two passes for the hapless Cavaliers. Assistant Coach Dick Bilecki of the Colts has two sons, Ricky, a fullback, and Randy, a safety, playing for Towson State near Baltimore. Randy, who also placekicks, boosted a 22-yard field goal to nip Randolph-Macon 3-0, then the next week missed a 22-yarder that would have beaten Guilford. Stu Stram, son of Hank Stram of the Saints, is a reserve quarterback at the University of Louisville, and Mike Grant, son of the Vikings' Bud Grant, is a tight end at little St. John's University in Minnesota.

Tim McVay, son of Coach John McVay of the NFL Giants, has been a four-year starter at strong safety for Indiana University and captain this year and last. He is only the fourth IU player to be captain for two years. McVay also holds for field goals and extra points, and last year he beat Wisconsin 15-14 by running the ball on a fake extra-point kick play. Rick Morrison, son of Joe Morrison, coach at the University of Tennessee at Chattanooga, is the leading receiver for Ball State University.

Georgia Quarterback Jeff Pyburn is the son of Georgia Assistant Coach Jim Pyburn, and Paul Hamilton, a freshman quarterback at Appalachian, is the son of Rusty Hamilton, an assistant at The Citadel, a traditional rival. Gary Petercusk, son of John Petercusk, an assistant coach at Princeton, is a defensive halfback at Penn State and a potential All-American.

And then there is Joe Restic Jr., Notre Dame's punter, who is the son of the

Harvard coach. Whenever reporters ask, "How come you didn't go to Harvard?" Notre Dame Trainer Gene Peszkiel butts in to say, "Because he didn't want to go to a football factory."

NEUTER? NO, SIR

Girls may play baseball, football or other sports with boys, but Richard Oles, coach of the Tri-Weapon Fencing Club in Baltimore, will only admit boys from ages 10 to 17. "Boys today are in danger of becoming emasculated, of being rendered totally neuter, an endangered species," says Oles. "Boys need a place in their formative years where they can go and be boys without pulling punches. They need a place where they can go and learn to become men, where they can acquire the virtues of men: self-reliance, bravery, love of adventure, personal responsibility, honor, loyalty, honesty, respect, chivalry and, yes, heroism."

Oles, who notes that he is not promoting a "dumb-jock macho image," treats the boys as though they aspire to be knights of old. After 16 weeks of introductory courses, a novice fencer becomes a "square," then "knight-errant" and finally "knight." Admittance to knighthood requires more than ability to fence. After conferring with a boy's parents, Oles assigns him to a task that he doesn't like, such as keeping his room neat, for one month. The boy must do the task well and without complaint. Finally, Oles formally dubs the boy, and the new knight receives his personal foil, saber or épée.

"If you get something for nothing, you throw it away," says Oles. "It's meaningless unless you yourself sweat for it. I look on being on the team as a privilege."

THEY LIKE IT

■ Jim Wohlford, Milwaukee Brewer outfielder, on baseball: "Ninety percent of this game is half mental."

■ Mike Newlin, Houston Rockets guard, on teammate Calvin Murphy's shooting ability: "He could get his points if you put him in a tin can and closed the lid."

■ Chuck Mills, Wake Forest football coach: "You know what a football fan is, don't you? He's the guy who sits 40 rows up in the stands and wonders why a 17-year-old kid can't hit another 17-year-old kid with a ball from 40 yards away. Then he goes out to the parking lot and can't find his car." **END**

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Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 24, 1977



THE GOOD GUYS AGAINST THE BAD GUYS

Amid antagonism in the clubhouse and anarchy in the Yankee Stadium bleachers, New York took a 3-1 World Series lead. Then a 10-4 win in Game 5 kept alive the happy Dodgers' hopes of having the last laugh

by RON FIMRITE



In jarring Game 1 action, Steve Garvey bowled into Thurman Munson, then bawled at the ump.

© 1975 NBC

1 A World Series record is set even before the first pitch is thrown as Pearl Bailey, snatching the microphone from its cradle and turning this way and that so the 56,668 Yankee Stadium spectators can observe every nuance of her performance, requires two minutes and 21 seconds to sing the national anthem, breaking the old record of 2:13 set by The New Christy Minstrels in 1973. José Feliciano's famous rock version in 1968 was clocked at 1:50, though for patriots and music traditionalists it seemed an eternity. No matter. The fans do not hear much past "rocket's red glare" tonight, so vocal are they in urging the commencement of hostilities. New York baseball fans are notorious for their short musical attention span. Even so brief a composition as *Three Blind Mice* would fall on deaf ears in Gotham's raucous stadiums. But the elongated anthem is a harbinger, for this game will tie a Series record for most innings played at night: 12.

It begins as if it will be a long one only for the Yankees. Dodger leadoff batter Davey Lopes walks and scores on Bill Russell's triple into the endless corridor of left center field. Ron Cey scores Russell with an equally long sacrifice fly into the same acreage. The favored Dodgers are off quickly to a two-run lead. It is



The opener was a fireworks display. He clouted a homer end, in the 12th, scored the deciding run.



Blair had batted badly, then got the batter.

halved in the Yankees' half of the first when Thurman Munson singles through the short-third hole and is advanced to third by Reggie Jackson's loop to center that tumbles inches beyond a groping Russell. Munson ultimately scores on Chris Chambliss' single to right. Willie Randolph's line-drive home run ties the game in the sixth. Randolph also scores the go-ahead run in the eighth on Munson's line double to left. Dodger starter Don Sutton, celebrated for his aplomb in pressure situations, is removed by Manager Tom Lasorda after this unhappy turn of events.

Both teams will suffer and yet gain strength from their weaknesses in this game. The Dodgers' base running is excruciating. In the first inning Reggie Smith is trapped like a not-so-sly fox between first and second when a hit-run play goes awry and is embarrassingly run down. In the sixth the hit-run is executed to perfection as Glenn Burke, starting in cen-

ter field, singles neatly through a space vacated by Randolph as he rushes toward second to head off Garvey, who had run with the pitch. The ball is hit so softly and there is so much confusion between Centerfielder Mickey Rivers and Rightfielder Reggie Jackson as to whose responsibility it is to pick it up that Garvey has a chance to score. Although he is being waved on to the plate, he hesitates just long enough between second and third to arrive simultaneously with Rivers' looping throw that comes in on the first-base side of home. Garvey slides, and Munson lunges for him with the ball. Umpire Nestor Chylak calls the runner out. Garvey complains, but as Lopes observes, "If he had been running like he's supposed to, it wouldn't have been close. He was anticipating the ball being picked up instead of running all the way."

Now it is the ninth inning, the Dodgers trail 3-2, and Dusty Baker is on first after a leadoff single. Manny Mota, bat-

ting for Burke, fakes a bunt and takes a ludicrously inaccurate swing. There stands Baker, ensnared as Smith was before him. Only this time the trap does not close. Baker swivel-hips past Chambliss in the rundown, the first baseman swiping at him as if practicing his forehand. Mota's fly ball is no help, but Catcher Steve Yeager walks, a development that prompts Manager Billy Martin to remove Don Gullett, pitcher of 8½ estimable innings, for Sparky Lyle, winner of the final two American League playoff games against Kansas City. Lyle instantly gives up a bouncing single by pinch hitter Lee Lacy that scores the relieved Baker with the tying run. 3-3. Extra innings.

It is the Yankees' turn to "capitalize on one of their own failings—a nagging inability to execute the sacrifice bunt. In the 10th inning Munson leads off with a walk, and Paul Blair, a deplorable replacement for Jackson, is instructed to sacrifice. His bunt drops directly in front of the plate, and Catcher Jerry Grote, who replaced Yeager after the starting receiver was removed for a pinch runner, pounces on it to force Munson at second. In the 11th it is Lou Piniella who reaches base with a single and Bucky Dent who forces him at second with a bunt that falls once more into Grote's nimble fingers. Lyle, who has not batted since 1974, also is a failure at sacrificing.

In the 12th, however, failure succeeds. Randolph leads off with a double down the right-field line. Munson is walked intentionally, and the house organist plays *Over There*, one of many patriotic airs composed by George M. Cohan and favored by George M. Steinbrenner, the Yankees' principal owner. Blair doggedly steps in to try his hand again. In his days as Baltimore's centerfielder he was acclaimed as an accomplished bunter, but this night he seems no more familiar with the tactic than Babe Ruth was. He takes a called strike and bunes a high pitch foul. Looking hurt and befuddled, he stands prepared to try again. Then Third-Base Coach Dick Howser, apparently recognizing Blair's confusion, calls out Blair's name and, with no attempt at deception, removes the bunt sign. Relieved of his sacrificial responsibility, Blair slaps a clean single to left that scores Randolph with the winning run.

Lyle, who foiled the Dodgers for 3½ innings, is a winner for the third straight

time in postseason play. Asked how it is that he can pitch so well so frequently, he holds his left arm out from him as if it is a perfect stranger. "I don't even talk to it," he says. "I don't want to know why it can punch that often."

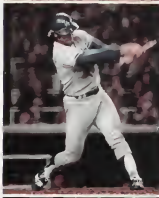
GAME 2 Lasorda appears beatific before the game. He arrives on the field in the company of a priest, and he advises newsmen of his love for his fellow man, particularly his fellow Dodgers. "I believe in togetherness," he says. "I believe a team is like a family. I eat with my players. I have drinks with them in my office. I know the names of their wives and children. They make my life enjoyable."

Advised of these remarks, Martin smiles, though not beatifically. "That's wonderful," he says. The Yankees, too, are a family. A family like the Macbeths, the Borgias and the Borden of Fall River, Mass. And their fans are equally playful. The Series settles into a battle between the good guys and the bad guys. Tonight the good guys have their innings.

There is some question before the game about the advisability of Martin starting Catfish Hunter, who has not pitched in a month, a time during which he experienced both arm trouble and a mysterious complaint finally diagnosed as a urinary-tract infection. The question is answered within three innings. With two out in the first, Smith doubles briskly to right center, and Cey powers a homer into the Dodger bullpen beyond a leaping Piniella. In the second, also with two out, Yeager also homers over Piniella. And in the third, after Russell's single, Smith hits a terrific shot into the bleachers in right center. The Dodgers lead 5-0. The game is over virtually before it begins. Hunter, once the proud winner of four straight World Series games for the Oakland A's, departs with one out in the third. "I just hope I don't have a bad year hunting deer," he says afterward, realizing that this season, in which he won and lost nine games and had a humiliating ERA

continued

Because of home runs by Cey (top) in the first, Yeager (center) in the second and Smith in the third, Catfish got the early hook, leading 5-0





The Bronx bombers failed to jar Rivers' aplomb.

WORLD SERIES *continued*

of 4.71, is almost certainly at long last over.

If the game is a disaster for the Catfish, it is a vindication for the Dodgers' Burt Hooton, who suffered his own humiliation only five days before when he was apparently driven from the mound by shrieking Philadelphia fans in the third National League playoff game. Taunted by the crowd, he walked four hitters in succession during the second inning and departed in a rage. "Hooton can pitch," was said afterward, "but only if no one's watching." The largest crowd of the year in Yankee Stadium—56,691—is watching him this night. He strikes out six hitters in the first three innings, mostly with his plummeting knuckle curve, and costs to a five-hit 6-1 win, the final Dodger score coming on Garvey's homer in the ninth.

"I learned a basic lesson in Philadelphia," Hooton calmly informs the press. "And that is to keep your cool. I lost my head there, and I let my team down. The fans weren't the ones who drove me out of that game. There were some calls I thought were strikes, and I let them upset me. I lost confidence in myself. Tommy mildly chewed me out for letting my emotions take charge of my pitching. Tonight I kept my head."

That is more than can be said for the Yankee fans. Their active participation begins innocently enough in the seventh when a young man pops out of the left-field stands and gallops unmolested up the line to home plate, across which he

jubilantly slides. He is even cheered. "I thought he executed a perfect hook slide," says Lasorda. "Sudol [Plate Umpire Ed] blew the call. He was safe." No real harm done there. But in the ninth, with the Dodgers bunting, the play gets rough. Four youths drop from their seats onto the field at separate times. The last is tackled and buried under a pile of policemen, and no one is amused. A smoke bomb is tossed onto center field, and a green cloud envelops Rivers, who curiously does not budge, thereby creating the suspicion that he moves only when instructed to do so by the Yankee walkie-talkie operatives responsible for positioning outfielders. Dodger bullpen inhabitants are bombarded with refuse, rubber balls, even whiskey bottles. And when Chambliss flies to center to end the game, Smith is struck on the head with a rubber ball apparently pitched from the upper deck in right field. He leaves the battlefield hurt and dazed. It is an ugly show.

There is more ugliness ahead. In the clubhouse, Jackson fumes over the shabby treatment accorded his old Oakland teammate, Hunter. He is still fuming, for that matter, over his own treatment in the final game of the playoffs when Martin benched him on grounds that he could not hit the lefthanded Paul Splittorff. When asked if Jackson will play against Dodger lefthander Tommy John, Martin replies that he will, that John is not Splittorff. Jackson sees this as a further indictment. "I don't have to take that," he says, "especially from him. I know what I can do. If he did, we'd be a lot better off." But this time it is friend Catfish who, he feels, has been slighted. "The man hasn't pitched since Sept. 10," Jackson says. "It's like me sitting on the bench for a month and then expecting to get two hits and drive in a run. If you're going to pitch him in the World Series, then use him before then."

The Yankees believe in apartness.

GAME 3 They arrive in Los Angeles amid turmoil unusual even for them. Everyone is seemingly angry about something. Martin, learning of Jackson's comments on the use of Hunter, suggests that Jackson has enough problems playing right

field without assuming the manager's responsibilities as well. Munson, rarely cheerful, is sick and tired of Martin and Jackson arguing. He wants to be traded to Cleveland, where life, presumably, is more tranquil and where he can be nearer his home in Canton, Ohio. Sensitive to the merest suggestion of criticism, he is also miffed at those who demean his throwing ability. Furthermore, he is sick and tired, period. He complains of dizziness and exhaustion. All of the Yankees are angry about the poor seats in Dodger Stadium that have been allotted to them for their families and friends. Some, notably Munson and Jackson, threaten not to play if this grievous oversight is not rectified. Yankee President Gabe Paul, the quiet man in these noisy surroundings, is angry because everyone else is angry. He publicly calls for a cessation of this "crap."

In this humor, the Yankees take the field in "Beautiful Dodger Stadium" for



the third game. It is a typical Dodger production. Frank Sinatra is in his box behind the visitor's dugout, country-orchestra singer Linda Ronstadt performs the anthem (in 2:01). Roy Campanella throws out the first ball, and there is a moment of silence for Bing Crosby, who died this day on a Spanish golf course.

The presumably damned Yankees whip the Dodgers 5-3 behind the sharp pitching of Mike Torrez and a series of big little hits. The first inning is full of Series firsts. Rivers, leading off the game, bloop a double for his first hit. Munson doubles him home, and then Jackson, playing as promised against John, singles the sick man in. Jackson takes second as Baker overruns the ball in left field for the first error by either team. Jackson scores as Piniella singles up the middle. The bad guys lead the good 3-0.

The Dodgers fall back on the long ball once more to even matters. In the third, with Smith and Garvey on base, Baker

hoists one into the Dodger bullpen, once again just beyond the reach of the increasingly frustrated Piniella. But the Yankees, outnumbered now 5-1, will scratch out the victory. Graig Nettles singles leading off the fourth and advances to second when Dent's hopper caroms off Cey's glove for an infield hit. Torrez sacrifices the runners along, and with the infield at double-play depth instead of in close to cut off the run, Rivers bounces to second, scoring Nettles. In the next inning Jackson walks with one out, and Piniella singles off John's glove. Had the pitcher not touched the ball, Lasorda says, it would have reached Russell for a cinch inning-ending double play. But John does touch it, and Chambliss follows with a single to right that scores Jackson with the final run. John, winner of the final playoff game and a folk hero in Los Angeles for his gallant comeback from arm surgery during the last two seasons, is removed in the sixth, a loser in his first Series game.

Torrez is huge and dark, a foreboding figure who is actually affable, particularly for a Yankee. He scatters seven hits and strikes out a season-high nine, his lone mistake being the hanging slider that Baker propelled over the fence. Torrez is a free agent, and his good humor after the game may be attributed not only to an important victory but to what it will do for his market value. Seventeen-game winners who are also World Series heroes do not come cheap.

Despite the victory, the talk in the Yankee clubhouse is of trouble. "We have controversy all the time," says Piniella agreeably. "We're used to it—although it does get sickening at times."

The protagonists are uncharacteristically diplomatic, having met earlier in the day in search of détente. The newest dispute with Jackson, says Martin, is "history." Asked if his team, like the A's of 1972-74, thrives on chaos, Martin replies, "I don't think we thrive on it. We overcome it. You settle an argument and forget it."

Jackson, protesting perhaps too much, says he is hurt by the notice given his every utterance. He spoke, he says, out of deep emotion and sadness in the Hunter matter. Perhaps he did say the wrong thing. But then, "Anything that has to do with Reggie Jackson becomes a hug thing." He rolls his eyes in lamentation, a private man, he seems to say, basi-

cally a shy person, a straight shooter, certainly: maybe even a shrinking violet destined to squirm in the unwelcome limelight. "I do not think that Reggie Jackson should be the most well-known player in the game," he says. His eyes are twinkling.

4 GAME

The Yankees seem too happy for their own good before the game. After slamming five balls into the seats during batting practice, Jackson starts to take his lap around the bases. He stumbles, regains his balance, staggers a little, then says to hell with it. "One more block," says Nettles at the batting cage, "and you would've gone all the way." They laugh, and Jackson taps Nettles lovingly on the shoulder. Why are these men smiling?

The Dodgers, trailing in the Series, pull out all the stops. Insult comedian Don Rickles, who inspired them to victory in the second game of the playoffs, is there to cheer them up again with vituperation. Sinatra is on hand, and so are Cary Grant, Walter Matthau, Shirley MacLaine, Milton Berle, Bob Newhart, Glen Campbell, Tony Orlando and only The Big Dodger in the Sky knows who else. Flown in specially for the occasion is Lillian Carter, mother of Jimmy. Miz Lillian, a 79-year-old righthander, throws out the first ball. "I'm a loyal Dodger fan," she says. The Dodgers have a record crowd of 55,995, the President's mother and half the Hollywood gentry behind them. It is an 81° day, and the palms beyond the outfield fences dance in the shimmering light of sun and smog. How can a Los Angeles team lose?

By starting Doug Rau is how. Lasorda picks him because he is left-handed and so is most of the Yankees' power and because Don Sutton can use another day of rest. Rau has been troubled with a sore pitching shoulder, but he tells Lasorda he is well. He is not around long enough for anyone to tell. He survives the first inning on the strength of a double play, but then in the second Jackson slices an opposite-field double. Piniella scores him with an opposite-field single to right and advances to third when Chambliss hits another opposite-field double to left. Lasorda pulls Rau in favor of Rick Rhoden. Piniella scores on

continued

With this Game 4 grab, Piniella beat Cey at bay



an infield out, and Chambliss comes home on a single to right by the right-hand-hitting Dent. Three runs, four opposite-field hits.

Rhoden helps close the gap in the third with a ground-rule double into the left-field stands that is followed by Lopes' first Series hit, a homer to dead center. In the fourth Piniella, who has been waving helplessly at homers all week, finally takes one away from the Dodgers when he leaps at the fence, reaches over it and hauls down a long fly by Cey. So accustomed are the fans and players to seeing Piniella alight from these entrechats empty-handed that at first they think the ball has cleared the barrier. Cey is into his home-run trot, and the fans are cheering. Piniella is seen standing in his customary abject attitude, but then he holds the ball aloft in triumph. Why the delay? "I wanted to make sure I actually had it," he explains.

Jackson, Mervyn briefly got a grip on himself as



in his four-hitter. lastballer Guidry tried a new wrinkle—he dazzled L.A. with his breaking stuff

Cey's intercepted drive ends Dodger threats against skinny Ron Guidry. And in the sixth, Jackson ices the game, making the score 4-2 with a homer into the pavilion in left center. Guidry, a mustachioed 27-year-old Louisianan who is six feet tall but weighs only 157 pounds, allows just four hits while striking out seven. In Martin's view, Guidry throws as hard as any left-hander, despite his size, but the Dodgers say they are more troubled by his breaking pitches. Guidry languished in the minors so long that he nearly gave up the game, and he had a "horrible" spring training, only to emerge from the bullpen in May and win 16 games while leading the team in shutouts with five. "I just wanted to

give a performance worthy of myself," he says. "I didn't want to go out there all nervous and walk 20 in a row or something."

How pesceful it is in the Yankee clubhouse. Normally, the atmosphere there is as heavy with portent as it must have been at Elsinore, but today even so dedicated a scowler as Munson can see cause for rejoicing. The Yankees need only one more win. Munson is still woozy—"I haven't seen a ball in two days," he says—but he is looking forward to the next day, possibly his last as a Yankee.

Jackson, himself fresh from the slough of despond, is pontificating for an audience drawn from the sort of journalists who ask questions like, "What does

it mean to be Reggie Jackson?" "I represent the overdog," says Reggie. "And the underdog. My story is not really an athlete's story. It is a human story."

It is the good guys who are feeling bad. Approached by the media masses, Lopes cautions them, "Don't ask me any stupid questions today. If you do, I'll answer. 'Next question.'"

"Were you swinging for a homer?" he is asked.

"Next question."

GAME 5

Steve Yeager assesses the Dodgers' situation. "Our backs are to the wall," he begins, gathering momentum. "This is a do-or-die situation." He pauses for a breath. "There's no tomorrow." He touches, as it were, all the bases. But he has not bargained on the resourcefulness of his manager who, as Yeager might put it, does not believe the game is over until the last out is made.

After batting practice, Lasorda calls a team meeting. Usually he is an evangelist in these gatherings, but today he is Father Flanagan. "I told them how proud I was of them," Lasorda says. "How proud I was that they had beaten Cincinnati to win the division and Philadelphia to win the pennant. I told them they could walk around with their heads up high, that in my opinion they were the best baseball team in the world. I also told them that if they win today, they decrease the odds against them."

The Dodgers do not exactly storm through the clubhouse door after this pep talk, but they do come out swinging. Lopes, leading off, hits another long drive to left that caroms off the top of the bullpen fence and bounces crazily toward center, where it is retrieved by Rivers. Lopes hustles into third with a triple. He scores from there when Russell lines a single into left off Yankee starter Gullett, a supposed non-combatant because of arm troubles, now starting for the second time. The so-called Big Blue Machine runs best when Lopes and Russell are functioning well, but they enter this game hitting .067 and .111, respectively. "Those little guys," Jackson will say of them, "when they get on base, things happen." Things happen fast today. The Dodgers, backs to the wall, doing or dy-

ing, tomorrowless, are out front, one-zip.

What the little men get started, the big fellows finish. In the fourth, after Cey drives Piniella to the fence again for a long out, Garvey lines a smoking double to right center, the ball hitting the wall on the short hop. Baker singles him home and takes second when Piniella fumbles the ball. It is the first Yankee error of the Series, but not the last. Lacy chops an easy hopper to Nettles, one of the game's finest third basemen. He unaccountably fumbles it, and Lacy reaches first safely. Baker holds at second. With a one-ball count on phrasemaker Yeager, Martin shuffles out for a conference. "Stop rushing your pitches," he advises Gullett. The pitcher slows down, but the pace does not suit him. With the count at two and one, Gullett throws his forkball, a favorite pitch. It does not do its customary dip, and Yeager drives it into the seats between the foul pole and the L.A. bullpen. The score is 5-0, Dodgers, and it seems certain there will be a Tuesday in New York.

The Dodgers add to this lead with three runs in the fifth—Yeager driving home his fourth of the game with a sacrifice fly—and two more in the sixth on a long Smith homer into the right center-field bleachers. Holding a 10-0 lead entering the seventh, Sutton grows careless. He gives up two runs in the inning, and two more in the eighth on successive homers by Munson and Jackson. "With that lead, I made up my mind I wasn't going to walk anybody," says Sutton. As a matter of fact, he doesn't. The 10-4 win not only staves off what had been considered an inevitable Yankee victory, it revives the moribund Dodger attack that had depended until this day almost exclusively on the long ball.

It also bandages wounded sensibilities. "This team is basically built on pride," says Garvey. "We had gone through two phases on the way to a championship, then found the third one seemed closed to us. At the meeting, Tommy said he was proud of us. We're professionals, but we're also human beings who get down mentally and physically. These meetings are an expression of warmth. And they work. I think we've had eight so far this year, and we've won after each of them. We've had one manager [Walt Alston] who will be in the Hall of Fame, and now we have another working on it."

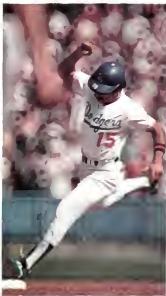
Strong words, but about what one ex-

pects from the Dodger happiness boys. Martin is welcome to his strife. Lasorda feels, no matter where it takes him, "I'd rather have it my way than his," he says. Lasorda and Martin may be stylistic opposites, the one a booster, the other an agitator, but they are not socially incompatible. On the night before this game they dined together with Sinatra at a restaurant inappropriately called La Dolce Vita. Life has been far from dolce for Martin this season. And while Lasorda has had it sweeter, he may soon know the bitterness of losing. But that is no reason to stop having fun. "Frank just wanted to show us that he was proud of both of us," Lasorda says, speaking of the singer as if he were a Don. "Think of it—two Italian boys in the World Series."

"You had dinner with Martin and Sinatra?" a newsman inquires.

"No," Lasorda replies. "I had dinner with Sinatra and Martin."

Guess who picked up the tab. **END**



Lopes legged a triple to open L.A.'s binge.

SLIM PICKINGS AT THE CABBAGE PATCH

The embryonic U.S. national rugby team lost its first battle to the British at hallowed Twickenham, but the war has only just begun **by CLIVE GAMMON**

If, like Rob Duncanson, you have been playing rugby for a mere two years, the stadium at Twickenham is intimidating, as befits the world headquarters of the sport. The stands are gaunt and towering, and the eddies of wind they create flutter the banners of the rugby nations of the world—from the French tricolor to the Southern Cross of New Zealand. The grass is a perfection of light- and dark-green bands. For someone like Duncanson, seeing Twickenham for the first time, the only protection against instant intimidation is to repeat, as a kind of mantra, a phrase that you've picked up: Billy Williams' cabbage patch.

It doesn't work for long, of course. It is more than 70 years since Billy bought

this piece of ground in southwest London for his club, the Harlequins, and the cabbage-patch slur is untrue—it was an apple orchard. But Billy wouldn't know it now. It holds almost 80,000, compared with the 3,000 he catered for, and deep in its interior it houses the oak-paneled committee room of the Rugby Football Union, hung with oil paintings of long-dead players in knee breeches. It looks, and is, as exclusive as any great London club. "I'd have given an eyetooth to get here," said Duncanson with awe. He paused thoughtfully. "And tomorrow I might have to do just that. Holy Columbo! Just another 24 hours!"

"Twenty-five hours," somebody corrected him. No sense in speeding up the

ultimate test, a huge test indeed for the infant U.S.A. Rugby Football Union, which came into being only in 1975. On Saturday afternoon, right there at Twickenham, Duncanson and his colleagues on the U.S. national team—the Eagles—would meet England. Actually, this English side was more than half composed of players who had represented their country in international competition, and the rest were strong contenders for positions on the team that will wear England's colors during the international season, which begins after Christmas.

Although the USARFU is new, rugby has been played in America since before the start of this century. In fact, the U.S. has one sublime score to look back on with pride. That was U.S.A. 17, France 3 for the gold medal at the Paris Olympics of 1924, the last Games at which rugby was played. France was heavily favored, and the contest was played in front of a hostile crowd that spat on the U.S. players, who themselves had been robbed of everything they owned during a training session. Two American spectators were even beaten up and thrown from the stadium onto the pitch.

Sadly, that seemed to be the final moment of glory. Football, once banned as an intercollegiate sport by Teddy Roosevelt, reasserted itself in the 1920s, and rugby faded, though it never disappeared entirely, especially in California. But the sport has quietly been growing over the last decade. There are some 30,000 players in the more than 600 U.S. clubs. Significantly, a major part of rugby's appeal is its amateurism, its happy-go-lucky, anti-Establishment nature. And that is fine, of course, if all you are interested in is a healthful afternoon and a beer bush afterward. But that goes nowhere toward reaching international rugby standards, and Eagle Coach Dennis Storcer, who teaches phys ed at UCLA, is a lit-



While the overmatched Americans (red jerseys) lacked technical finesse, they tackled ferociously



As the score mounted to the final 37-11 in favor of the Englishmen, American forwards Mickey Grady, Jay Hanson and Eric Partinore looked worn out.

tile impatient with this view of the game. "One has a choice," he says. "I feel that American rugby should be more intense, more systematic, while holding on to the amateur character of the game, which is close to being unique amongst major sports. A difficult combination."

The assets which the Eagles took to England for their six-match tour seemed impressive. They were explosive runners with the ball. They tackled magnificently. They had, it was rumored, two potentially world-class players: South African-born Mike Halliday from Palmer Junior College in Iowa and a giant of a forward, Bill Fraumann, 6' 5" and 224 pounds, who once played college basketball for Michigan. But what they did not have, it was quickly apparent, was very much technical sophistication.

Hilaire Belloc once summed up the English Midlands with two Iverish adjectives. "Sodden and unkind," he called

them. When the Eagles look back on their tour, they will undoubtedly endorse that verdict.

Until they played at Coventry in a mean, thin drizzle of rain, the Eagles had held their own, or close to it. They had won their first game 15-6 against a Civil Service select side that was less polite than its name implied. In their second match they had by far the better of the game territorially but suffered the narrowest of defeats, 12-11 to Cornwall, one of the most roughhewn of the English county teams. "It was tragic," Storer said. "We totally dominated them. We scored two superb touch-downs, but then Halliday had to go off with a pulled hamstring after the second. The Cornishmen were embarrassed that they had won."

Still, Storer had begun to worry about his club's technical failings, due, simply, to lack of experience in the modern game. In the set pieces of rugby, the scrimmages

and the line-outs, which happen when the ball goes out of play over the sidelines, the American forwards were not getting the ball so they could feed their attacking backs. "We've made a strong effort," Storer said, "and we've looked very explosive. But they've murdered us in the technical areas."

Sheer spirit had helped in the first two games, but in the sodden and unkind Midlands, in the industrial city of Coventry—where only the brilliant jewel of the new cathedral, built after fire bombs in 1940 had destroyed the ancient one, stands out from the anonymous shopping centers and the tangle of freeways—the modest euphoria felt by the Eagles was rudely shattered.

The slaughter came in the second half. Coventry fielded four English international players in its attacking back line, and once the Coventry forwards had established mastery over the Eagles, they

continued

ran in a procession of touch-downs, five in all. The result was a crushing 33-6 defeat for the Eagles. "We have never had our rears kicked to such an extent," mourned Storer. "The boys are really very low."

That was natural, considering that their next opponent was Gosforth, the current English club champion. Gosforth's magnificent pack of forwards attacked from the beginning and gained so much ball possession that it looked as if there might be a repetition of the Coventry debacle. As the game progressed, however, the ferocious tackling of the Americans brought them back into contention. Not enough to win it, though, because their technical deficiencies were still glaring at times, with dropped passes and lack of speed in the forwards when they had to come up and help a back in trouble. But at the end of the match it was the Eagles who were attacking hard and the 18-12 defeat represented only a single touch-down between the teams.

It was a dull, slogging game, and afterward the London Observer's rugby critic noted, "We shall be able to patronize the Americans in a cousinly way until the end of this tour. But anyone with the faintest knowledge of how much their army learned between Kasserine Pass and the Ardennes can be in no doubt that in five years or so there will be another chapter."

Three days later, at the University Rugby Ground at Cambridge, there was

more than a hint of that promise. Within 15 minutes the Eagles were down to Cambridge by 12 points, two touch-downs given away by elementary errors. But once again they fought back. The Eagle forwards had clearly learned some lessons from the Gosforth pack, perhaps the best in England. They won far more possession in the loose play—the rucks and the mauls, they call them in rugby—and their fast-running backs put in four touch-downs, two by Duncanson, a 22-year-old graduate of UCLA, and two by Dennis Jablonski of Santa Monica, Calif. Cambridge grabbed a late touch-down, but the Eagles won 20-18. The university broke out the vintage port for the Americans that night at a Trinity College feast, a gesture well deserved.

And so the Eagles arrived at Twickenham and world headquarters for their final game on Saturday. There was no doubt that they were unlikely to win, the English side was hardly treating this as an exhibition. Every one of the 15 players wearing the white shirt of England was fighting for his place for the coming international season. There would be no question of their easing up, even of grudgingly giving away a consolation score. "Nobody is giving us a chance in hell," Storer said. His plan, the only plan in the circumstances, was to hit England hard with ferocious tackling from the start, hoping to throw the Englishmen off their game. "If we try to play conservatively, we can't win," he said.

For the first time the Seers and Stripes floated over the Twickenham grass, which looked as if it had just returned from a visit to the beauty parlor, and then—after all the tailgate parties outside the stadium had ended—this game of great historic significance began. One bonus for the Eagles was immediately apparent. Not only were Americans from a dozen other U.S. rugby clubs currently touring England cheering for them, a goodly section of the normally nationalistic English crowd was, too. Possibly this was because the natives had read in a London daily of the heroic doings of some of the Eagles, who two nights earlier had rescued women from a London pub that was in flames after a petrol-bomb attack. The story was true except for one detail. It was the Owls, one of the touring sides, that had covered themselves with glory, not the Eagles. But since American rugby players normally are rare birds in England, the mistake was understandable.

For 40 minutes—a game of rugby lasts 80 minutes, divided in two by a brief half-time spell—there seemed a chance that the unorthodox game the Americans played might unsettle England. In the fifth minute they put on a demonic forward rush that took them within 10 yards of the England goal line. William Hare, the English fullback, was felled by a tooth-rattling tackle. Conceivably, it all might have gone according to Storer's plan if Scotty Kelso had made history and put the Eagles into the lead by kicking a penalty-goal attempt awarded for an English infringement after 25 minutes. In rugby, such a goal carries three points. But from 25 yards out, Kelso missed. That failure, critical for the Americans, was compounded when Halliday missed a second, the ball bouncing back off the goalpost. Neither Halliday nor Kelso had kicked well on the Eagles' tour, and to some it was a mystery that the best American kicker, Jablonski, who had played a fine game against Cambridge, had not been selected to play in the match at Twickenham.

Even so, the Eagles held the English scoreless for a full 30 minutes. A measure of their achievement was that the home side, at this stage of the game at least, had to give up any idea of really fast, open play. Instead, the English players were forced into tactical kicking to gain ground, even though their forwards

continued



Left Wing Derek Wyatt artfully dodged American tacklers to score four of England's six touch downs



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repeatedly won possession of the ball to feed the backs.

But then England succeeded where the Eagles had failed. Hare put a penalty goal over for three points to open the scoring, and two minutes later the Eagles' own fullback, Robbie Bordley, instead of kicking defensively for a touch, mistakenly held onto the ball and was caught in possession near his own line. The English forwards, led by Billy Beaumont, piled onto him—it was a measure of the tactical deficiencies of the Eagles that there was no other American player near enough to support Bordley at the critical time—and from the ensuing ruck the ball was swung out to the English backs. Derek Wyatt ultimately going over for the touch-down. At halftime, England led by 9-3, Halliday having reduced the 9-0 lead by a penalty goal.

After the half came the deluge, and it was Wyatt, the English left wing, who proved most troublesome to the Eagles, scoring four of his side's six touch-downs with his dodging, weaving runs. Even with the score mounting steadily against them, the Eagles never surrendered. In the last six minutes of the game when, as the London Sunday Times observed, "ordinary players would be crying for mercy and a can of beer," the Americans touched down twice. Kelso, originally from Londonderry in Northern Ireland, made the first, historic score, the first crossing of the line at Twickenham by an American national side, and Duncanson, in his second year of rugby, scored the second and, arguably, the most artistic of the eight touch-downs in the game.

So it was 37 points to 11 in England's favor at the end, a daunting score on paper. But this was really the beginning, not the end, of a story. The Eagle captain, Craig Sweeney, said, "If people at home think we have disgraced ourselves by not winning, they fail to appreciate our problems." Those problems mainly involve organizing the game in terms of the enormous geographical scatter of U.S. clubs. But, as the Eagles had said from the beginning, they had come to learn, to add sophistication to their undoubted courage and zest, and surely many of these lessons have now been learned. Others will be in the future if, as Sweeney hopes, strong rugby nations tour the U.S. In less than a decade, perhaps, the Twickenham story may be more like the Ardenne than Kasserine Pass.

END

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A GENTLE RADICAL WHO RUNS SCARED

Bill Rodgers, the American record holder in the marathon, races on and on, fearing his talent may desert him

by KENNY MOORE

Bill Rodgers' marathons go one of two ways. He wins without distress, finishing minutes ahead of the best runners in the world, as he did at Boston in 1975 and in the New York City Marathon last year, recording the two fastest times ever by an American, 2:09:55 and 2:10:09.6. Or he may run as he did at Boston last April. That race began at Hopkinton on a sunny morning redolent of cut sod and apple blossoms. Around him, Rodgers saw couples kissing, enjoying the sensual bloom of fitness before the ordeal. The start was a ragged, noisy stampede of 2,900 runners, in which Canadian Olympic marathoner Jerome Drayton was kicked and nearly trampled. Once they were on the road, there was no shade. Along the course the watching crowds were deep, totaling perhaps a million people, many of them listening to an account of the race on portable radios. At Wellesley, the halfway point, Rodgers and Drayton were alone in the lead. The commentator on WBZ was appallingly ignorant, identifying Drayton as defending champion Jack Fukez for mile after mile, enthusing over the "terrific weather for running," while the marathoners were glancing ruefully at the sky. Rodgers began to run with his head cocked slightly back, seeming to acknowledge the spectators' cheers, but in fact it was a posture of early ruin, a realization of the sun's supremacy. "It was deadly truckin' in that heat," he said later.

Drayton pulled away after 15 miles. Rodgers shrugged, slowing into what a friend recognized as his "survival stride." At the top of Heartbreak Hill, the 20-mile point, Rodgers stopped. "The old gut had gone," he said. "And besides, there were bigger crowds down the other side." Crowds that wouldn't understand.

Drayton won. Irritated by the race officials' traditional nonchalance about providing water and coherent intermediate times, he batted away the laurel wreath, "the crown of thorns," as Rodgers calls it. Rodgers caught a ride to the finish, walked to the Eliot Lounge, a favorite watering hole, and had a drink with his wife Ellen.

Back at the 20-mile point, on the crest of the hill beside Boston College, where in 1961 two-time Olympic marathon champion Abebe Bikila sat down to rub his freezing legs and so lost his race, the pack was still passing, another thousand people with miles to run, people perhaps as far from grace as we ever get—repetitive images of froth and chafe.

With runners still on the course, Rodgers had showered and was sitting wet-haired and relaxed, on the corner of a bed in his hotel. "From now on at Boston, I'll decide at the starting line whether it is cool enough to run," he said, making a vow he will not be able to keep. "If it's hot, I'll simply walk away." All marathoners suffer in temperatures above the



When preparing for a training run, Rodgers must fight the gravitational disadvantages of his home.

60s, but Rodgers suffers more than most. Conversely, he is supremely energized by what many consider stifling cold. "No gloves," he says, "no good race."

On the street below, runners tottered on. Rodgers went to the window, then turned away. "I don't believe there is dishonor in dropping out," he said softly, "but in a way they are gutter than I, to run through that ugliness and pain."

Bill Rodgers, who is 29, grew up in Newington, Conn., near Hartford, where his father is the head of the Hartford State College Mechanical Engineering Department. His mother worked as a nurse's

aide at Newington Hospital, and it is from her, Rodgers believes, that he received his extraordinary energy—as a boy he spent hours running after rabbits and squirrels in the woods—and a profound sympathy for the handicapped and retarded. "I'm involved with people who have been zapped," he says, as though involvement itself were an affliction.

During high school summers Rodgers worked as a porter in the hospital, then attended Wesleyan University, where no one seems to have noticed that he bears a resemblance to the young John Wesley, founder of Methodism and an inveterate visitor of the sick and impris-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MANNY MILLAN

oned. Upon graduation, in 1970, Rodgers was granted conscientious-objector status, doing his alternative service at Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston. "I was dirt in that hospital," he says, his tone milder than his words. "I had one of those top-level jobs—washing dishes, emptying bedpans, taking bodies down to the morgue." It was a disturbing time. "There were lots of nasty, horrible cases; don't make me describe them. It bothered me most that here were people dying among strangers."

Rodgers had run a 4:28.8 mile in high school, then ran and roomed at Wesleyan with Ambrose Burfoot, who then won the 1968 Boston Marathon. After college Rodgers had quit training, and even had begun smoking. "I had had no commitment to fitness or real competition," he says. "Running was always associated with fun."

Now it became escape. "Running gave
continued



Eliot Rodgers runs to keep in stride with Bill

me an outlet from that stultifying job," he says. At first he worked toward the modest goal of finishing 10 miles—125 laps around the Huntington Avenue Y track. Then he was fired from his job for attempting rather clumsily to organize a union among the hospital orderlies. "For a year I couldn't find another job," he says, "so I ran 15 miles a day." He lived in a tenement, on food stamps. His first marathon was Boston in 1973. "It was a torrid day," he says. "Jon Anderson [also a conscientious objector, who washed dishes at a San Francisco area hospital] won. I dropped out at 20 miles, same spot as this year. Seeing Anderson run 2:16 in that heat, I knew I'd never be a top runner. It was impossible."

The next year, having changed clubs and come under the coaching of Billy Squires of the Greater Boston Track Club, Rodgers placed 14th in 2:19.34. His breakthrough, that revelation of a race that most good runners view as a passage to success, was a second place in the national AAU 20-kilometer road race in the autumn of 1974. The following spring he was a spectacular third in the World Cross-Country Championship in Morocco and, on a perfect day, broke Frank Shorter's American record for the marathon by 35 seconds with his 2:09:55 at Boston, an average of 4:57.3 per mile.

Throughout this sudden rise, Rodgers was working at Fernald School in Belmont, Mass., a state institution for the retarded, and studying for his master's degree in Special Education at Boston College. At Fernald, he was in charge of a ward of eight retarded men, an experience that forced as much self-discovery as the grimmest of marathons.

"You go in and one of two things happens," Rodgers says. "You reject them or you want to help them. The first time on ward duty was intimidating. They were like babies, but huge. There was the paradox of grown people needing so much care, the messes of food and elimination, the seizures. I didn't like it, but it was satisfying to work there. These people get nothing from life. They're rejected by everybody, even their families. Yet the smallest things make them happy. Working there, you had to recognize your own streak of cruelty. There are times when disgust overcomes reason. I once let a guy lie in his soiled bed for a day because I was sure he had done it on pur-



At the Montreal Olympics, Rodgers ran "saxoidel" so Viren (far left) "wouldn't get a free ride."



Rodgers' 2:09:55 in the 1975 Boston Marathon stands as the fastest time ever run by an American.



This year, Frank Shorter and Rodgers dualed over 10,000 meters in Atlanta, with Shorter winning.



pose. My supervisor made me ashamed; it wasn't my job to reject or to punish, for any reason."

Rodgers speaks fondly of his work at Fernald, of an autistic child who all day addressed the wall in monosyllables, but who, once Rodgers reached him, turned out to be quite intelligent. Rodgers tells of running by the school after he had decided to work full time on his master's and of going in to say hello. Yet these recollections don't have point-serving conclusions. The remote little boy never improved enough to leave the institution. Of those Rodgers returned to visit, he says, "Some recognized me, I think." He falls silent. Then, unbidden, gives voice to the root of his attachment to these people. "You have to always realize that there could be you."

For the last two school years, Rodgers has taught emotionally disturbed children, a far different proposition from teaching the retarded. "E.D.s are not happy," he says. "They're smart enough to know what a rotten break they've got. They have real problems, and you can't teach them anything until those problems are solved."

Rodgers' young charges were raucous,

manic, nearly unreachable souls. Daily he had to break up fights, sometimes finding himself with fistfuls of hair. Some authorities recommend a teacher not work with such pupils for more than three years at a stretch, lest the teacher turn permanently misanthropic. This year Rodgers quit, to explore the possibility of entering the sporting-wear business and to devote more time to training. "I'll get back to them," he says with a trace of apology, as one noting the inevitable.

When he is preparing for a marathon, Rodgers trains roughly 170 miles a week, which he does by running twice a day, usually 14 miles in the morning and 10 at night, with intervals on the track once a week. He is a boon to the sport in Boston because of his success, more so because of his accessibility. He loves company in training and gentles his pace to whatever the slowest man or woman in a group can keep. This makes for ease of conversation. When he runs with Vinnie Fleming (fifth at Boston this year) and Randy Thomas (third in the AAU 10,000 meters), there is much retelling of races—talk that seems random at first, but gradually reveals a philosophy. Rodgers says he was appalled when Jos Hermens of The Netherlands ran a tactical race against Miruts Yifter in the World Cup 10,000 meters, allowing the Ethiopian to save his kick. Hermens said afterward, "He would have beaten me no matter how fast I set the pace." Rodgers says, "Nobody should win by intimidation. I ran suicidal in the Olympic Marathon because of Lasse Viren [Rodgers knew he had little chance because a foot injury had curtailed his training, but nonetheless set a hard pace for the first 13 miles]. It wasn't right that he get an easy ride out of it." Viren finished fifth, Rodgers 40th, certifying his pattern of boom or bust.

Rodgers competes a lot. Since the Olympics he has run 26 races, including seven marathons, and next week will defend his title in the New York City Marathon. Friends say he is acutely conscious of the rapidity with which he suddenly became world-class, that he regards his ability as a gift, and is afraid he might lose it just as suddenly. Conceivably for this reason he is driven to race as much as possible now that he is at his peak. "I do have a feeling that once you take a break from running good marathons,

continued

something happens," he says. "It takes so long to come back, it's the scariest thing." He cites England's Ian Thompson, the 1974 Commonwealth Games marathon champion (2:09:13.2) and 1974 European champion, who failed to make the British Olympic team in 1976.

"Every time I bomb out, I have to come back," Rodgers says. "I have a feeling after a bad race that my next one will be good. Of course, after a couple of good ones, I get the feeling I'm going to bomb out. Yin and yang." Five weeks after this year's debacle at Boston, Rodgers won the Amsterdam Marathon in the year's fastest time, (2:12:47).

Rodgers and friends are training on the bike paths along the Charles River at noon. As they sometimes do, they jog a few blocks through busy traffic to the Eliot Lounge, where—startled businessmen looking up from their martinis—the bartender Tommy Leonard greets them with shouts and "sea breezes"—two parts cranberry juice to one of grapefruit. When the refreshed runners have gone, Leonard, a thickset, passionate man who has run the last 23 Boston Marathons, waxes eloquent on Rodgers. "You should have seen the shrug act," the bartender says. "Breaking four records in one race in August [when Rodgers ran a U.S.-record 12 miles, 1.351 yards in an hour, and also set U.S. records for 15 kilometers (43:39.8), 10 miles (46:35.8) and 20 kilometers (58:15.0) along the way], and every lap, hearing the time, he would give an amused shrug. His golden hair was flowing in a rose sunset... he was even lapping his pacers, for God's sake. It was beautiful. A mist came over my eyes. It was my most poignant experience in running."

It happens that Rodgers' wife Ellen is

sitting within earshot and growing restless. "For romance," she says, "I'd rather go see *Elvira Madigan*." Ellen has been married to Rodgers for two years, and has been his best friend for six. A former art teacher, she has one green eye and one brown, and a Liv Ullmann look of clear good sense. She runs twice a day herself, not to race but simply to keep in the rhythm of the household. "When we were first going together and he would leave to run, I thought, 'He'd rather do that than be with me?'" Now she is, for

per weekend. At the conclusion of the Boston Marathon week, she had a cold sore on her lip from so many kisses from strangers.

The Rodgerses live in Melrose, 10 miles north of Boston, on the second floor of a dark green three-story frame house. There are the flags and trophies common to the walls of runners, and a butterfly collection, but the most affecting thing about this house is its apparent existence within a gravitational vortex. Pens and teacups slide off tables, you rush invol-



When he isn't racing or giving phone callers advice, Rodgers shops for gear to stock his store for runners.

want of a better word, his agent, lamenting and occasionally countering his inability to say no. "I thought he had learned his lesson. He actually wrote Amsterdam after Boston and said no, he would not be there. Then they called and pleaded, and he said yes." She says this with such loving forbearance that one concludes that she is Rodgers' greatest gift, a buffer between him and the draining demands of TV documentaries, coaching clinics, charities and two races

unarily from the kitchen when you only mean to stand, or find yourself with one foot poised above the living room threshold, unable to move further. Barring occult explanation, this seems to be caused by a settling of the interior of the house, which has created downslopes from the outside walls.

Rodgers spends much of his time in the kitchen, eating. He will sleep 10 hours a night, if permitted, but even so will rise at three a.m. for his fourth meal of

the day, raiding the refrigerator, which always contains a pitcher of apricot nectar mixed with flat ginger ale, quart bottles of cola, chocolate chip cookies and mayonnaise, which he will eat straight out of the jar with a tablespoon. "Sometimes I wonder," he said one such morning, yawning, heading back to bed, "whether I run high mileage so I can eat like this, or do I eat like this so I can do high mileage?" Whatever the reason, his dimensions are 5' 8½", 128 and 9E "and flattening."

Awake, Rodgers is always on the phone, to friends who call from over the country with results, plans, hopes. He tries to hang up, but so gently that he rarely succeeds.

"That was really an, uh, interesting guy," he says to a friend in a respite between callers.

"Sounds like a euphemism to me," says the friend.

"Why, do you know him?"

It is a dreary, rainy morning in early autumn. Rodgers had run 30 miles in training the previous day. Now, wearing a trim green and white sweat suit, he sits in a conference room with a director of the National Wheelchair Foundation and three John Hancock Insurance Company public-relations people, two of them unself-consciously smoking up a great blue cloud. The windows on the 46th floor of the Hancock Building give a misty view of Back Bay, the Charles and MIT. The point of the meeting is to ask John Hancock to sponsor the National Wheelchair Marathon, run concurrently with the Boston race, as a symbol of what the handicapped can achieve. Rodgers speaks briefly of his respect for wheelchair athletes, noting that many paraplegics were athletes first, having suffered spinal damage from injuries. "Bikila was one," he says, with reverence for the name, then sees that it means nothing to these jowly, bland, brown-suited men. "The two-time Olympic gold medalist in the marathon," he explains softly. "Ethiopia . . . paralyzed from the waist down in an automobile accident." Rodgers gazes at his thighs as he speaks.

The senior PR man, who has an eloquent frown that at once conveys charity, good wishes and rejection, lists the reasons—previous budget commitments,

too few people in the race, little publicity "rub-off"—why Hancock cannot sponsor the event. But he is willing to set up a subsequent meeting with other likely sponsors, maybe even pledge a thousand dollars.

"That would be a terrible life," Rodgers says, once out on the street in the rain, jogging. "To have to say so elaborately every day why you couldn't spare more than a grand."

Rodgers occasionally refers to himself as a radical, and that is surely true, to the extent that his concerns often run counter to the self-interest of our species. By example, he calls for understanding of the poor, the retarded, the disturbed, the crippled and dying. "There, that could be me." What is extraordinary, what is truly radical about Bill Rodgers, is the inclusiveness of his concern, extended evenly to the smokers, the bosses, the deniers, to insensitive hospital wardens. Bill Rodgers is sympathetic with everyone.

Even in racing, an activity that would seem the essence of self-assertion over weaker competitors, Rodgers is at pains to remove the element of rejection of others. In his finest race, last year's New York City Marathon, Rodgers felt that the competition was irrelevant. Something else drove him. "I remember going over the Verrazano Narrows Bridge after the start and finding myself very serious," he says. "I remember checking my form, holding my hands just right to be perfectly efficient."

For a time Rodgers ran near Frank Shorter, who had taken the Olympic silver medal 2½ months before. Shorter's stride was the more fluid, his feet falling more softly, yet Rodgers' was the more beautiful. There can be something hard in Shorter, a scornful quality, especially when he is out front and applying pressure. But Rodgers, blond and open-faced, simply ran faster, ghosting away with a look of amazement. "I wanted to stop near the East River and go to the bathroom," he says, "but there was something working that day, an imperative to get the thing done right." He finished three minutes ahead of Shorter. "And of course there was Mayor Beanie shoving the crown of thorns on my head." Rodgers resented the fuss. "It's over," he said to the mayor. "Somebody had to win. It just happened to be me."

END

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CONFRONTATION Part II



Unwittingly stepping on his foe's toes, Plimpton tried to follow instructions to jab and peek

THE YOUTHFUL PLIMPTON VS. THE WILY MOORE

In 1959, when participatory journalism and the author were both young, he was brash enough to get into the ring with the light-heavyweight champion

by **GEORGE PLIMPTON**

Excerpted from the book *Shadow Box* copyright © 1977 by George Plimpton



but Archie's glove saved George's nose

I had about a month in which to get a questionable apparatus ready to fight Archie Moore, the light-heavyweight champion of the world. It was January of 1959.

I am not properly constituted to fight. I am built rather like a bird of the silt-like, wader variety—the avocets, limpkins and herons. Since boyhood my arms have remained snicklike: I can slide my watch up my arm almost to the elbow. I have a thin, somewhat fragile, nose which



thetic response," which means that when I am hit or cuffed around, I weep. It is an involuntary reaction; the tears come and there is nothing I can do except dab at them with a fist. Charlie Goldman, Rocky Marciano's goonlike trainer, once said of fighters built along my lines, "You know them fighters with long necks and them long, pointy chins, they cost you more for smelling salts than they do for food."

Yet, I knew that the first step in getting ready for Moore was to find a trainer like Goldman. I reached a man named George Brown; I had been introduced to him by Ernest Hemingway, who always spoke of him with the highest regard as a boxer who could have been a champion if he had been able to accept

the idea that he was going to be hit once in a while. Still, Hemingway spoke of his skills with awe, saying that he could never remember having landed a good punch during a sparring session with Brown.

I also tried the theory that I could teach myself from books. I paid a visit to the library of the Racquet Club, on Park Avenue, where a small section is devoted to boxing. I first selected a thin volume, *The Art and Practice of English Boxing, Containing Explanatory Illustrations of Pugilistic Attitudes in the Art of Attack and Self-Defence* . . . first published in 1807. The opening paragraph includes a reassuring sentence: "... both parties," it goes, referring to the contestants in the ring, "should keep in the best humour possible."

continued

With the great fight over, Moore and Referee Bowen were cheerful. The bloodied Plimpton relieved



bleeds easily. Once, in my military days, I brought up my hand in a smart salute that banged the tip of my nose and started a slight nosebleed there in the ranks. A bead of blood quivered at the end of my nose, like the drop at a shot bird's beak, before it fell to the dust of the parade ground. A lieutenant colonel stared at me solemnly. He sighed slightly and went on down the line.

Also, I suffer from a condition the medical profession refers to as "sympa-

Then George Brown went to work. No more reading. In the Racquet Club gymnasium he began showing me boxing fundamentals—how to throw the jab and duck slightly behind the right to protect against the counterpunch. Though he taught me one or two combinations, he said we would “rely” mostly on the jab.

He also ordered me out into Central Park to run early in the morning. I hated getting up to do it. In my Racquet Club reading I had learned that one morning Willie Pep saw Jake La Motta spiking his prerun orange juice with a jugger of brandy. “Hell, Willie,” La Motta explained, “I don’t run good, but I’m the happiest guy in the world.”

But once out there, I enjoyed it. I told Brown how lively it was in the park; he made a face and said I was not tending to business. Always I had to remember why I was out there—and that I should try to work up a controlled rage against Archie Moore, seeing him always in my mind’s eye, shadowboxing as if his presence were just beyond reach—and to hell with how pretty it was in the park.

I began sparring sessions with a friend, Peter Gimbel. We usually spent an hour in the gym. Once, when the three of us were in a taxi after a workout, Brown motioned toward the street and told me that I now knew enough to take on about 95% of the people out there. I looked out at the pedestrians, innocently hurrying along, and I thought, “Fancy that.”

As the day of the fight approached, I began to get notes in the mail—quotations, usually terse, most of them signed with fighters’ names and almost all somewhat violent in tone. I don’t know who sent them. I suspected Gimbel, but he would not confess.

One of them read, “If you get belted and see three fighters through a haze, go after the one in the middle. That’s what ruined me—going after the other two guys.”—MAX BAER.

Another, on the back of a postcard that had a cat sitting next to a vase of roses on the front, announced succinctly, “Go on in there, he can’t hurt us.”—LEO P. FLYNN, FIGHT MANAGER.”

Another had the curious words Eddie Simms murmured when Arthur Donovan, the referee, went over to his corner to see how clear-headed he was after being poleaxed by Joe Louis in their Cleveland fight: “I’m all right. Let’s you and me go up on the roof.”

Joe Louis’ famous remark about Billy

Conn turned up one morning: “He can run, but he can’t hide.” So did James Braddock’s description of what it was like to be hit by a Joe Louis jab: “... like someone jammed an electric bulb in your face and busted it.”

One of the lengthier messages was a parody of a type of column Jimmy Cannon occasionally wrote for the *New York Journal-American*, in which he utilized the second person for immediacy and dramatic effect. “Your name is Joe Louis,” a column might start. “You are in the twilight of your career.” The one I received read as follows: “Your name is George Plimpton. You have had an appointment with Archie Moore. Your head is now a concert hall where Chinese music will never stop playing.”

The last note I received was a short description of a fighter named Joe Dunphy, from Syracuse, a fair middleweight, who, while considering his prospects against a top contender from Australia named Dan Crendon, stood motionless in his corner at the opening bell, until Crendon, carefully because he was looking for some kind of trick, went over and knocked him down, much as one might push over a store-window mannequin.

On the morning of the fight, to get a flavor of what a boxer goes through on the day of his bout, I turned up at the office of the boxing commission, just south of Madison Square Garden, to get weighed in with the rest of the boxers scheduled to fight that evening at the Garden. John F. X. Condon, of the Garden, who was involved with the proceedings, had said he would see to it that if I wanted to I could get weighed in along with everyone else.

I got in line. The fighters who were staying in nearby Beabag hotels came ready for quick disrobing—overcoats over a pair of underwear shorts. One or two of them were wearing shoes with the laces already untied, so that all they had to do was shuck their overcoats and step up out of the shoes onto the scales. The official at the scales juggled the weights and announced the figures. We shuffled forward. I had my overcoat over my arm. I was wearing a Brooks Brothers suit, a vest that I was affecting at the time, a button-down shirt with a striped regimental tie, calf-length socks and a pair of dark shoes.

When I was within eight boxers of the scale I began to take off my clothes. I removed my suit coat, tossing it and my

overcoat on a chair as I passed, and I started taking off my tie, just picking at the knot. But then I saw someone staring at me—a journalist, probably—judging the man next to him to attract his attention, the two of them staring at me as surprised as if the boxing commissioner himself had decided to step out of his trousers. That was enough. I could not go through with it. My fingers slipped off the tie, and I rolled my eyes ceilingward to suggest how stuffy I felt the room was.

I did not tell my corner men at lunch about my experience that morning. It was not appropriate to the temper of the day to dwell on bangles of any sort. We had the lunch at the Racquet Club. My friends stared at me with odd smiles. We ordered the meal out of large, stiff menus that crackled sharply when opened. I ordered eggs Benedict, steak Diane and a chocolate parfait. Someone said neither the place nor the meal was in accord with going up against the light-heavyweight champion of the world. I said I was having the meal to quiet my nerves; the elegance of the place, and the food, arriving at the table in silver serving dishes, helped me forget where I was going to be at five that afternoon.

During lunch I kept wondering what Archie Moore was up to. I knew that he was in town, not far away. I thought of him coming closer all the time, physically moving toward our confrontation, perhaps a quarter of a mile away at the moment, in some restaurant, ordering a big steak with honey on it for energy. Everybody in the place would be craning around to stare at him, and smiling a lot because a month before Moore had won an extraordinary fight against Yvon Durelle, a strong French Canadian, in which he pulled himself up off the canvas four times. Applause would ripple up from the tables as he left the restaurant and he would stroll along feeling good about things, people nodding to him on the avenues, and smiling, and then he might duck into a Fifth Avenue shop to buy a hat, and afterward perhaps he’d wander by the Plaza and into the park where he might take a look at the yak in the zoo. Then he’d glance at his watch. That might get him upset. It disturbed the equanimity of the day. Who was this guy? The nerve! This creep who had written him a letter. So the distance would be shortened, he was coming crostown now, then up the stairs of Stillman’s Gym, just

continued

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yards away from me in the labyrinthine gloom of the lockers, and then finally in the ring, just a few feet away, seeing me for the first time, looking at me speculatively; and then when he put a fist in my stomach, there wouldn't be any distance between us at all.

Later I discovered what he had been thinking. Moore had had lunch with Peter Maas, a journalist friend of mine. Over dessert, he asked Peter who I was—this fellow he had agreed to go three rounds with. Maas, who knew about the arrangements—I had invited him to Stillman's—could not resist it: he found himself, somewhat to his surprise, describing me to Moore as an "intercollegiate boxing champion."

Once Peter had got that out, he began to warm to his subject. "He's a gawky sort of guy," he said, "but don't let that fool you, Arch. He's got a left jab that stinks, he's fast, and he's got a left hook that he can really throw. He's a burn-burner of a fighter, and the big thing about him is that he wants to be the light-heavyweight champion of the world. Very ambitious. And confident. He doesn't see why he should work his way up through all the preliminaries in the tank towns. He reckons he's ready now."

Moore raised his eyebrows at this. "He's invited all his friends," Maas went on gaily, "and a few members of the press. In front of all these people he's going to walk into the ring and take you. What he's done is to sucker you into the ring."

Maas told me all of this later. He said he had not suspected that he had such satanic capacities; the story came out quite easily.

Moore finally had a comment to offer. "If that guy lays a hand on me I'm going to pole-ax him." He cracked his knuckles at this.

At this, Maas realized that not unlike Dr. Frankenstein he had created a monster, and after a somewhat hollow laugh, he tried to undo matters. "Oh, Arch," he said, "he's a friend of mine." He tried to say that he had been carrying on an jest. But this served to make Moore even more suspicious—the notion that Maas and the mysterious stranger with the devastating left hook were in cahoots of some sort.

At the time, of course, I knew none of this. I dawdled away the afternoon and arrived early at Stillman's. George

Brown was with me, carrying a little leather case with the gloves and some "equipment." He felt he might have to use if things got "difficult" for me in the ring.

We went up the steps of the building on Eighth Avenue, through the turnstile, and Lou Stillman led us through the back area of his place into an arrangement of gloomy dressing cubicles as helter-skelter as a Tangier slum. George Brown sat me down in a corner and, snapping open his kit bag, got ready to tape my hands. I worried aloud that Moore might not show up, and both George and I laughed at the concern in my voice. I sounded like a condemned prisoner fretting that the fellow in charge of the dawn proceedings might have overslept. We heard people arriving, the hum of voices beginning to rise. I had let a number of people know; the word of the strange cock-sail-hour exhibition had spread.

Suddenly, Moore himself appeared in the door of my cubicle. He was in his street clothes, carrying a kit bag and a pair of boxing gloves, the long white laces hung down loose. There was a crowd of people behind him, peering in over his shoulders. I was staring up at Moore from my stool. He looked down and said, "Hm." There were no greetings. He began undressing. He stepped out of pants and shorts; over his hips he began drawing up a large, harnesslike foul-protector. I stared at it in awe. I had not thought to buy one myself, the notion of the champion's throwing a low blow had not occurred to me. Indeed, I was upset to realize he thought I was capable of doing such a thing. "I don't have one of those," I murmured. "I don't think he heard me. A man I thought might be Doc Kearns, the legendary manager, was saying, 'Arch, let's get on out of here. It's a freak show.' Beyond the cubicle we could hear the rising murmur of a crowd."

"No, no, no," I said. "It's all very serious."

Moore looked at me speculatively. "Go out there and do your best," he said.

He settled the cup around his hips and flicked its surface with a fingernail; it gave off a dull sound. He drew on his trunks. He began taping his hands. I recall the shriek of the adhesive drawn in bursts off its spool, the flurry of his fists as he spun the tape around them.

While this was going on, he offered a curious monologue about a series of vic-

tories back in his early fight days. "I put that guy in the hospital, didn't I? Yeah, banged him around the eyes so it was a question about could he ever see again." He looked at me. "You do your best, hear?" I nodded vaguely. He went back to his litany. "Hey, you remember the guy who couldn't remember his name after we finished with him?—just plumb banged that guy's name right out of his skull." He smoothed the tape over his hands and slid on the boxing gloves. Then he turned and swung a punch at the wall of the cubicle with a force that bounced a wooden medicine cabinet off its peg; it fell to the floor and exploded in a shower of rickety slats. "These gloves are tight," he said as he walked out with the man who might have been Kearns. A roll of elastic bandage fell out of the ruin of the cabinet and unraveled across the floor. Beyond the cubicle wall I heard a voice cut through the babble. "Whatever he was, Arch, he was not an elephant."

Could that have been Kearns? An assessment of the opposition? Of course at the time I had no idea that Maas had built me up into a demonic contender whom Moore and his friends would have good reason to check.

"What the hell was that?" I said. I looked at Brown beseechingly. He shrugged. "Don't let it bother you. Just remember what we've been doing all this time," he said, smoothing the tape on my hands. "Move, and peek at him."

"At least he didn't find out about the sympathetic response," I said.

"What's that?" Brown asked.

"Well, it's that weeping you've noticed when I get cuffed around."

"Maybe he'll think it's sweet," Brown said cheerfully.

After a while he reached for the gloves and said it was time we went out.

The place was packed, or so it seemed to me; the seats near the ring (a utility from the days when the great fighters sparred at Stillman's) were full, and behind them people were standing along the wall. I remember thinking how odd it was that they had come. I had few illusions that the fight was going to be any sort of artistic triumph. An execution, perhaps, but more likely nothing more than someone going through an interesting variety of an initiation ceremony.

Moore was waiting in the ring, wearing a white T shirt and a pair of trunks,

Next to ours, isn't good

A good shirt only looks good until you compare it to a better one. We have a better one. Van Heusen.

Our shirts don't cost more although they probably should. We labor over them, test them, refine them, more than any other shirt company we know. The result is that after 118 years of making better shirts, we're still making better shirts.

All shirts look great out of the package. Ours look great out of the wash.

One of our many tests is throwing our permanently pressed shirts and our competition's into a washing machine, where they're pounded and scoured.

After *only* 5 launderings, we've got other shirts beat. Look at the 2 collars in this unretouched photograph.



Neither one has been ironed.

Yet ours is still permanently pressed. Theirs looks permanently unpressed.

What Paris could learn about shirts from Pottsville.

Paris is famous for fashion. Our development center in Pottsville, Pa. is famous for technology.

While we go to Paris frequently, we always make sure any new fashion ideas we learn there measure up to our standards of quality.

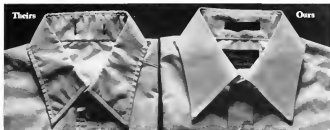
Because Paris doesn't have standards as strict as ours.

When our shirts are still bolts

of fabric, we're already inspecting them for flaws.

In fact, we inspect shirts 29 times.

Then when we think they're perfect, we don't send



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a good shirt enough.

them right off to the store. We test them again.

To us, looking good is more than a matter of fashion. It's a matter of quality.

"I bought one of your shirts in 1937, and already the collar is fraying."

Inevitably, some of the compliments we get from our customers come in the form of complaints.

The reason we had to wait 40 years for this rather exceptional one, is that we test our collars unmercifully against fraying. We brush and sandpaper them for hours.

When you get attached to one of our shirts, we don't want it wearing out on you before its time.

A button seems like a small thing, until it's missing.

That's why we put 25 lbs. of pulling pressure on our buttons to make sure they won't pull off. We also test them against breakage with a hammer.

We believe in putting as much quality in our buttons as we do in our shirts.

The only man who's ever uncomfortable in our shirts is our president.

When we test our shirts for comfort, we don't use our customers as guinea pigs. We use our president. He wears every new model of shirt for a week.

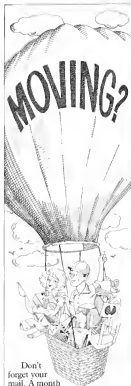
If he doesn't like the fit or the feel or anything else about the shirt, you don't get the shirt.

The reason we put so much into our shirts isn't just pride in our work. It's also common sense.

Because we know once you get a feeling for excellence, you'll never go back to good.



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USE THE FREE
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CONFRONTATION *continued*

As I climbed into the ring he had his back to me, leaning over the ropes and shouting at someone in the crowd. I saw him club at the ring ropes with a gloved fist and I could feel the structure of the ring shudder. Ezra Bowen, a *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* editor, climbed into the ring to act as referee. He provided some florid instructions and then waved the two of us together. Moore turned and began shuffling quickly toward me.

I had read somewhere that if one were doomed to suffer in the ring, it would be best to have Archie Moore as the bestower. His face was peaceful, with a land of comforting men to it—people doubtless fell easily into conversation with him on buses and planes—and to be put away by him in the ring would not be unlike being tucked in by a Haitian mammy.

I do not remember any such thoughts at the time. My memory is that he came at me quite briskly, and as I poked at him tentatively, his left reached out and thumped me alarmingly. As he moved around the ring, he made a curious humming sound in his throat, the sort of peaceful, amless sound one might make while pruning a flower bed, except that from time to time the hum would rise quite abruptly and bang! he would cuff me alongside the head. I would sense the leaden feeling of being hit, the almost acrid whiff of leather off his gloves, and I would blink through the sympathetic response and try to focus on his face, which looked slightly startled, as if he could scarcely believe he had done such a thing. Then I'd hear the humming again, barely distinguishable now against the singing in my own head.

Halfway through the round, Moore slipped—almost to one knee. It was not because of anything I had done. His footing had betrayed him somehow. Laughter rose from the spectators, and almost as if an retribution, he jabbed and followed with a long, lazy left hook that fetched up against my nose and collapsed it slightly. It began to bleed. There was a considerable amount of sympathetic response and though my physical reaction—the jab, jab ("peck, peck, peck")—was thrown in a frenzy and with considerable spirit, the efforts popped up against Moore's guard as ineffectually as if I were poking at the side of a barn. The tears came down my cheeks. We revolved around the ring. I could hear the crowd—a vague buzzing—and occasion-

ally my name being called out. "Hey, George, hit him back; hit him in the knees, George." I thought how inappropriate the name George was to the ring, rather like "Timothy" or "Warren" or "Christopher." Occasionally I was aware of the faces hanging above the seats like rows of balloons, unrecognizable, many of them with faint anticipatory grins as if they were waiting for a joke to be told that was going to be pretty good. They were slightly inhuman, I remember thinking, the banks of them staring up, and suddenly a scene from Conan Doyle's *The Crocky Master* popped into my mind: his fine description of a fight being watched by Welsh miners, each with his dog sitting behind him, so that when the fighters looked down, everywhere among the human faces were the heads of dogs, yapping from the benches, the muzzles pointing up, the tongues lolling.

We went into a clinch. I was surprised when I was pushed away and saw the sheen of blood on Moore's T shirt. Moore looked slightly alarmed. The flow of tears was doubtless disarming. He moved forward and enfolded me in another clinch. He whispered in my ear, "Hey, breathe, man, breathe."

The round ended and I turned from him and headed for my corner, feeling very much like sitting down. Lou Stallman had not provided a stool. "There's no stool," I said snuffily to Brown. My nose was stopped up. He ministered to me across the ropes—a quick rub of the face with the towel, an inspection of the nose, a pop of head-clearing salts, a predictable word of old advice ("Just jab him, keep him away, catch the glove in his snoot, peck, peck, you're doing fine"). He looked out past my shoulder at Moore, who must have been joking with the crowd because I could hear the laughter behind me.

For the next two rounds Moore let up considerably, being assured—if indeed it had ever worried him—of the quality of his opposition. In the last round he let me whale away at him from time to time, and then he would pull me into a clinch and whack at me with great harmless popping shots to the backs of my shoulder blades, which sounded like the crack of artillery. Once I heard him ask Ezra Bowen if he was behind on points.

But George Brown did not like what was going on at all—I think mostly be-

continued

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A simple truth about color TV:
Ordinary mechanical tuners have moving parts inside. They can wear out or corrode and cause picture problems. But Zenith has the Electronic Video Guard Tuner. With no moving parts inside. It's designed to keep your great Zenith color picture looking great. For a long time.



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The quality goes in before the name goes on.

The Electronic Video Guard Tuner is available in 13" through 25" (diagonal) screen sizes.
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cause of the unpredictable nature of my opponent, whose moods seemed to change as the fight went on. He was evidently not quite sure how to comport himself—clowning for a few seconds, and then the humming, and then a few punches with more authority. In the third and last round, Brown began to feel that Moore, having run through as much of a repertoire as he could devise, was wondering how he could finish things off esthetically. Long after the event, I found out that Brown had reached down and advanced the hand of the time clock, so that the round ended a good minute before it should have. Ezra called us together to raise both our arms and, fanning it up, he called the affair a draw. I can remember the relief of its being over, vaguely worried that it had not been more conclusive, or artistic, and I was quite grateful for the bloody nose.

"That last round seemed awfully short," I mentioned to Brown.

He dabbed at my face with a towel. "I suppose you were getting set to finish him," he said.

Part of the crowd moved with us into the cubicle area. In my stall, I was pushed back into a corner. Moore stood in the doorway, the well-wishers shouting at him, "Hey, Arch! Hey, Arch!" There was a lot of congratulating and jabbering about the great Durelle fight.

I heard somebody ask, "Whose blood is that on your shirt, hey, Arch?" and somebody else said, "Well, it sure ain't his!" and I could hear the guffawing as the exchange was passed along the corridors beyond the cubicle wall.

The character of the crowd had begun to change. The word had gone around the area that Archie Moore was in Stillman's and people were coming up the stairs from the fight bars on Eighth Avenue. One of them said, "It's over? What the hell was Arch doin' fightin' in Stillman's?"

"I dunno," said another. "I hear he kilt some guy."

They pushed back into the cubicle area. The cigar smoke rose. I caught sight of Stillman. He was frantic. He had found two women, a mother and daughter, back in the cubicle area, which had flustered him, but the main irritation was that his place was packed with people who had not paid to come through his turnstile. Someone told me that he had become so astonished at the number turning up for the exhibition, at the quantity of coats

and ties signifying that they could pay, that finally veracity had overcome him; he rushed to the turnstile and the last 20 or 30 people who crowded in had to pay him \$2 a head. Later, I heard that he had tried to recoup what he had missed by charging people, at least those wearing ties, as they left.

I sat on my stool, feeling removed from the bustle and the shouting. While I pecked at the laces of my gloves, a man in front of me turned—I had been staring at the back of his overcoat—and he said, "Well, kid, what did you get out of it?"

He was an older black man, with a rather melancholy face distinguished by an almost Roman nose, his ears were cauliflowered, and very small.

"So far, a bloody nose," I said.

He smiled slightly. "That's the good way to begin, that's the start."

"I guess that's right," I said.

"There's a lot more to it," he went on.

I must have looked puzzled.

"Stick to it," he said. "You've got a lot to find out about. Don't let it go, hey?"

"No," I said vaguely. "I won't."

I never discovered who he was.

Stillman's cleared out, finally. The fighters, who had been standing along the back wall to watch the strange proceedings, took over the premises again, they climbed into the rings, the trainers sat down in the front seats, gossiping things returned to normal.

I was told later that at seven o'clock or so the Duchess d'Uzès had arrived. She was not a duchess then (she had a marriage or so to go before she became one) but she had the airs. She was delivered to the door of Stillman's in a Rolls-Royce. She stepped out and hurried up the stairs. She was famous for being late—even at her own extravagant parties, where her guests stood yawning with hunger, waiting for her to come down the long, curved stair and make an entrance—and she paused at the turnstile, a lovely, graceful girl who often wore light-blue chiffon to set off her golden hair.

She peered into the gloom. "Where's everybody?" she called. She had a clear, musical voice, perfect for cutting through the uproar of cocktail parties.

Low Stillman approached. I don't know if he produced one of his infinitesimal spittles. Let us say that he cleared his throat.

"Everybody is not here," he said. **END**



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Captain Kelly[®] Smoke Detectors turn smoke that can kill you into an alarm that can save you.

Government tests show photoelectric models react sooner to most home fires.

Captain Kelly[®] Smoke Detectors by Gillette are photoelectric.

July 1976. Government-sponsored tests determine the sensitivity and reaction times of home smoke detectors. The results of these tests could help save your life. But before you read another word, let's get one thing straight. Any smoke detector, no matter what type or what brand, provided it is listed by Underwriters' Laboratories, is better than no smoke detector at all. That being said, we can move on to the actual test results. They provide powerful evidence in support of photoelectric models.

Although our current models were not in these government tests, an earlier version was. Since that time, we have improved our product substantially.



Photoelectrics—how they were tested.

In these tests, which were conducted for the U.S. Government by a leading technical research institute, photoelectric detectors and ionization units were placed in a suburban home. The units were positioned in three separate locations: the basement, the living room, and on the ceiling outside the sleeping quarters on the second floor. Typical household fires were then started.

Photoelectrics—why they're better.

These tests indicated that in smoky, smoldering fires, the photoelectric models were superior in sensing the danger and sounded an alarm sooner than the ionization models. And three out of four home fires start as smoky, smoldering fires.

Smoke can kill you long before fire can burn you.

At this point, you should know that the vast majority of people who die in fires are not killed by the flames or heat, but by the smoke and toxic gases. And most of these fires occur at night.

The Captain Kelly® is photoelectric—it's optically sensitive to smoke—so it can give you extra minutes of warning that could save your life and the lives of those you love.

What's more, the Captain Kelly is the leading national photoelectric brand. And unlike most other smoke detectors, the Captain Kelly has a testing mechanism that not only checks the circuitry, but simulates actual smoke conditions. So you test the entire unit, not just one of its parts.

And the Captain Kelly Photoelectric Smoke Detector comes in both battery and plug-in models.

Photoelectrics—the differences explained.

Photoelectric detectors like the Captain Kelly are optically sensitive to smoke. A sophisticated, solid-state light source, called a light emitting diode, creates a beam of light inside the chamber. When smoke particles enter the detector, they scatter the light and a photoelectric sensor triggers an immediate alarm.

Photoelectric units sense the larger smoke particles from smoldering fires, particularly those particles found remote from the fire source. Ionization units, on the other hand, respond to the smaller particles found near hot flaming fires. This gives photoelectrics like the Captain Kelly significant advantages over ionization units—particularly when the detector is remote from the fire source.

Some other standards we meet.

Captain Kelly Smoke Detectors meet or surpass the applicable code or legal requirements for acceptance in every state including California and are listed by Underwriters' Laboratories.

This certificate can save you a lot more than \$5.

\$500 OFF

Special Offer: When you purchase any Captain Kelly Smoke Detector, we'll send you a Home Fire Emergency Information Kit plus your choice of a \$5 rebate or a free home fire extinguisher

with a value of \$12.50. **To qualify:** 1. Buy a Captain Kelly Smoke Detector 2. Send the dated register receipt, this completed certificate, and all 3 small pictures from the back of the smoke detector carton to: **Captain Kelly Smoke Detector, P.O. Box 60338, Kankakee, Ill. 60901.**

Gentlemen: Please send my Home Fire Emergency Information Kit plus:

SELECT ☐ \$5.00 Rebate

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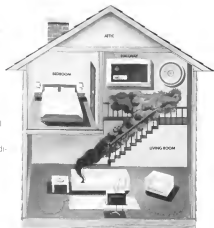
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In most home fires, photoelectric detectors react sooner than ionization units.



A NEED TO LEARN THE ABCS



TOM SEAVER STARRING, AND HOWARD COSELL DID THE SHILLING

Assessing the work of two TV networks when they are covering events in the same sport usually presents an obvious problem. Should one have exciting games while the other draws a succession of humdrum contests, it would be only natural to decide that the more fortunate network is doing the better job—because it can use its hardware more advantageously and build interest with its announcers and interviews as the games continue.

This fall, for the second time, NBC (Championship Series) and ABC (World Series) split the coverage of baseball's most important hours. And now the envelope please. The winner: NBC, and by a wide margin. That the playoffs were far more dramatic than the Series, which produced only one especially enthralling game, had no bearing at all on this conclusion.

Through the first five games of the Series, ABC showed it still has not learned how to cope with baseball's vital audiences. And it insults the intelligence of viewers in a way no other network does: make lots of noise, show a close-up of Barbara Walters sitting in the stands, get tons of publicity for Howard Cosell, send up the bloopers, bring on the clowns, show a fire burning in the night sky.

After not having covered major league baseball since 1965, ABC last year jumped back in with all three feet and backed things up with poor camera work, cheap research and waste commentary. During its Monday

Night Baseball shows this season, ABC improved a lot. Nonetheless, when it comes to matching ABC against NBC, there is still virtually no comparison. ABC is about half as good. Experience has a lot to do with it. After 30 years of televising baseball nationwide, NBC anticipates plays far more knowledgeably. It also has a sense of how different ball parks can dramatically alter the outcome of a game.

During the playoffs the viewer got the feeling that NBC was on top of everything. Its replays were al-

most uniformly first rate, and they were often shown from several angles. ABC had only two big plays to deal with. It did a superb job on one—Yankee Lou Pinella's jumping catch of Ron Cey's near-home run in Game 4. But the network bungled the other, which came in the sixth inning of the first game, when Dodger Steve Garvey slid home with what seemed to be a vital run in a game eventually won by the Yankees in 12 innings. Tom Seaver, who did an excellent job as analyst for ABC, quickly said that he thought Garvey was safe and that Umpire Nestor Chylak was out of position. The two replays that were punched up showed nothing either to back up or refute Seaver's judgment. Chylak may have blown the play, but not as badly as ABC did.

Perhaps because the Series was rather dull, the expected happened. Cosell intruded on the action. His performances provoked exasperation from viewers everywhere, including Mir Lillian Carter, who declared she does not like him, and NBC's Joe Garagiola—of all people—who asked, "Doesn't Cosell have anything to say except plugs for upcoming ABC shows?" Cosell knows little about baseball as it has been played in the 1960s and '70s, does not particularly care for the game and seemed to be reading constantly from a set of bubble gum cards extolling the virtues of the 1953 Brooklyn Dodgers. And, as always, Cosell said some absurdly memorable

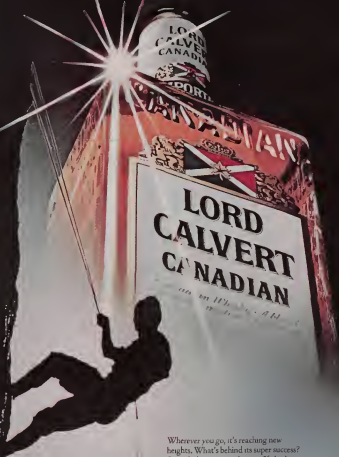
things. He explained that Buzzy Bavaro, formerly the general manager of the Dodgers, had a great baseball mind, which had been responsible for the Dodgers' "maintenance of excellence." Cosell also said to Seaver, following a good catch by Yankee Centerfielder Mickey Rivers, "He was in full stride as you even began your recital of the replay, Tom."

But even Cosell was no match for Garagiola when it came to spirited shilling. Garagiola plugged everything but one chair barbershop. He talked so much about Bob Hope, who threw out a first ball one night during the playoffs in Kansas City and also just happened to have a special coming up on NBC, that Tony Kubek, who is normally a good-field, no-nonsense announcer, finally said of Hope, "I wondered what he did when there isn't a war going on."

All of this was but a small manifestation of how naive baseball is about television. The game still needs the network dollars, though perhaps not so desperately as it once did. Next season its national TV contracts—from which it currently receives \$92.8 million from ABC and NBC—will be up for renegotiation. During the past six years the cost per commercial minute during the playoffs has jumped from \$18,300 to as much as \$75,000, while a Series minute has gone from \$75,700 to \$145,000. The ratings for the playoffs averaged a booming 34.3 share of the audience during six consecutive prime-time evenings, and Series ratings should also be excellent.

When a sport generates figures like these, it is in a strong position to insist that the game—and not TV celebs and shilling—be emphasized on the telecasts. Even more irksome to fans, however, are those occasions when television runs roughshod over baseball, as it did on Oct. 8. That night's playoff game between Philadelphia and Los Angeles was played in driving rain—weather completely unfair to both teams and spectators. But baseball had put itself into a box to please television by scheduling the end of the playoffs and the start of the Series too close together. It left itself with virtually no alternative except to play the Oct. 8 game. The huge interest in telecasts has put baseball in a position to tell TV when the games will be played. It only remains for the sport's administrators to seize that power.

END



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You get a rich, satisfying smoke. Taste you can feel. Full, natural taste. Discover the difference yourself.

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I.M. the wonder walk-on

And that's for sure. Recruiters stopped calling on I. M. Hipp when he was hurt in high school, so he borrowed his way to Nebraska and is hopply-hipping to records

In 1938 the University of Nebraska had a back named Hipp. Of course he was known as Hoppity. In 1977 Nebraska has a back named Hipp. Of course he is known as Hoppity. And fans, letting their hearts overrule their heads, already are permitting themselves thoughts like "Hoppity hop to the Heisman shop" and "Hoppity Hipp's on a Heisman trip."

In truth, it would be one tremendous leap if Isaiah Moses Walter Hipp, a/k/a I. M. Hipp, 21, from Chapin, S.C., were some day to be named college football's outstanding player. To date he has started only three college games, and that he is playing at all is somewhat of a surprise. For Hipp was not recruited by a single college or university—certainly not Nebraska, which had not even heard of him—and ended up spending \$96 of his girl friend's money to fly to Lincoln and beg for a chance. That he is the nation's fifth-leading rusher (an average of 7.8 yards for 101 carries) is just beyond incredible.

His start on the Nebraska campus in 1975 was not auspicious. After several days of practice, Head Coach Tom Osborne inquired, "Who is that little guy over there?" Nobody knew. "Where's he from?" asked Osborne. Nobody knew. But by late September Hipp had made a place for himself on the freshman team. The next year Hipp got messed up with his academics and missed a lot of early practice. The decision was made to redshirt him. Finally, come this fall, Hipp got into his initial varsity game. It was against Washington State, and the first time he carried the ball he fumbled it. That earned him a seat for the rest of the afternoon.

But then, as his great-grandmother in Chapin who raised him says, "Lawd a mercy." Over the last month he has risen up and smitten four opponents—Baylor (Hipp rushed for 122 yards, getting his chance when the Huskers' outstanding I Back, Rick Berns, went out with—

one trembles to say it—a hip pointer), Indiana (an alltime Nebraska mark of 254 yards), Kansas State (207 yards, first time ever for back-to-back 200-plus yard games for a Cornhusker back) and Iowa State (165 yards). After Hipp ripped off runs of 82 and 66 yards against Kansas State, the story went around that he came off the field chortling, "I Hipp-notized 'em." Not true. But everyone likes the tale so much that it is fast becoming chiseled as fact.

Bestowing stardom on such a sophomore, which Hipp is, is risky. Too often a young player's ink exceeds his performance; too often he decides he prefers hiking in the woods and eating berries to Saturday afternoon violence. Knowing all this, Nebraska fans still can't help themselves. In fact, it was the school's sports information director, Don Bryant, who suggested that Hipp call himself I.M. because Bryant figured that more than a few sportswriters wouldn't be able to spell Issa . . . Issai . . . the 23rd book of the Old Testament. And a man can't be named the outstanding football player in the country if people can't spell his name. Anyway, I. M. Hipp does have a certain contemporary flair.

Mike Corgan, coach of offensive backs, inexplicably calls Hipp Ezekiel when he makes a mistake. Last week, when Hipp fouled up an assignment, a teammate said, "That's I. M. Not A Blocker." Another said, "Right. That's I. M. A Runner." Needless to say, the fans, who believe Hipp is the beacon to light the way to a Cornhusker national championship in 1978 or 1979, have joined in the word games. And one can envision an emotion-choked Nebraska coach years from now pleading with his team, "Let's go out there and win one for the Hippier."

For all the punning, Hipp is so quiet that he makes a sunset noisy in comparison. "I don't like to talk about what I'm going to do," he says. "I just like to do it." Yet, sitting in his one-room \$65-a-



month basement apartment recently, Hipp, a deeply religious young man, suddenly was moved to compose a prayer: "O Lord God, remember me. I pray Thee, and strengthen my body. I pray Thee, so that I may run like the cheetah and move gracefully like the gazelle and glide like the mighty eagle, O God, so that I may fulfill my dreams." Dreams? "Yeah, I want to win the Heisman three times in a row and rush for 2,000 yards three years in a row." While that may be hallucinating rather than dreaming, Hipp is not alarmed. "I don't brag but I always have felt there is nobody better than me. Now that might not be true but that's the way I feel."

It's not as if I. M. Hipp's confidence hasn't been sore tested. His parents were separated when he was six months old, and his mother left him behind to go off to Columbia, S.C. and find work as a domestic. I.M.'s great-grandmother, Cora Osby, cared for him—and once caught

continued

him in the act of tearing the lock off the smokehouse so he could get at her home-made applesauce. It was not his first raid on the smokehouse. I.M. was sent to Columbia briefly to be with his mother, but he didn't like the city ways after the joys of being disturbed only by whippoorwills in Chapin.

Back in Chapin, he became a football star, leading the Eagles to two state AA championships and amassing statistics that would make many a back break out in envy: 2,889 yards in 541 carries and 288 points in 42 games. As a senior he scored 14 touchdowns and rushed for 880 yards despite having missed half the season because of a shoulder injury.

The latter explains why Hipp was not recruited. A few colleges (Hawaii, Illinois, Oklahoma, UCLA) had shown interest in him, but the injury changed all that. The University of South Carolina didn't even care to look; the others started clearing their throats. Chapin Coach Cecil Woolbright tried to renew interest in his star, but to no avail. "The colleges

said they had plenty of backs," says Woolbright, "or that he was too small or that he had been hurt. He was a great football player nobody wanted. A recruiter can't tell how much a fellow will try."

After watching Nebraska whip Oklahoma on television in that great 1971 game, then do in Alabama so convincingly in the Orange Bowl, Hipp became a Cornhusker fan. He wrote to the school and was told he could come out for the team as a walk-on, which is what they would tell positively anyone. Familiarity with the general shape of a football is not a prerequisite to "walking on." Osborne says that maybe four walk-ons will make the team every two years. The odds against playing much are far longer.

Hipp has defied the odds, just as he seems to defy the figures that list him as 6 feet, 200 pounds. Perhaps the Lincoln dust has fouled the scales, for Hipp may be the smallest 200-pounder seen in years. But maybe the strongest. He spends much of his time in the weight room, and has leg-lifted a school-record

915 pounds. Linemen consider 600 pounds a herculean effort. "Actually, I lifted 1,010 last August when nobody was in the room," says Hipp. Offensive Tackle Kelvin Clark says of I.M., "He's walking muscles." Center Tom Davis says, "People hit him in his upper body and fall off. Tackling his legs is impossible."

Although pumped-up Iowa State upset Nebraska last Saturday 24-21 when the Husker defense sprang too many leaks, Hipp was his usual self: he scored all three Cornhusker touchdowns. The first came on his second carry of the game, a 59-yard jaunt on which Iowa State defenders pretended they were about to tackle him. He botched 17 yards for his second score and seven more for an additional TD. For the day's work Hipp gained 165 yards in 25 carries.

The winners, who ran 28 more plays than Nebraska, were led by Dexter Green, who rushed for 139 yards and one touchdown. The other Cyclone touchdowns were scored by Cal Cummins and Quarterback Terry Rubley, with the win-

continued

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ning difference Scott Kollman's 32-yard field goal in the third period. It had been set up by a Nebraska fumble. Nebraska Guard Greg Jorgensen missed on the defeat. "Maybe we laid back and thought Isaiah would win it for us." Which is understandable. For Isaiah or LM, or Ezekiel or Hoppity will win a lot of games for Nebraska. Like they say, it doesn't much matter what they call him, they'll call on him often.

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

SOUTHWEST With 7:29 to play and Texas trailing 9-6 at Arkansas, the Longhorns were faced with a dilemma on third and four at their own 26-yard line. Giving the ball again to Earl Campbell was too obvious a play to call, so Quarterback Randy McEachern resorted to some fakery and his throwing arm. As the play unfolded, McEachern thrust the ball toward Campbell, who was gleefully tackled by the Razorbacks. But while Campbell was going down, McEachern was dishing to the right. When he spotted his other running back, Johnny (Ham) Jones, in the clear, he made good on a 14-yard pass.

That provided some working room for McEachern, who followed with a 31-yard toss to Alfred Jackson and then executed a "reverse screen left" pass to Campbell for 28 more yards to the Arkansas one. Two downs later, McEachern faked again to Campbell and pitched wide to Jones for the go-ahead score. That gave undefeated Texas a 13-9 win, its sixth in a row over Arkansas, and a 2-0 record in the Southwest Conference.

Campbell carried 34 times for 188 yards and became the conference's all-time rushing leader with 3,385 yards. Much of the game, though, revolved around the locking of Russell Erbeben of Texas and Steve Little of Arkansas. Erbeben put the Longhorns on top 6-0 with field goals of 38 and 52 yards in the first period. Then Little booted three-pointers from 33 and 67 yards in the second quarter, the latter tying Erbeben's NCAA distance record. And it was Little who put the Razorbacks in front 9-6 with a 25-yarder in the third period.

An even more dramatic windup was staged by SMU, which scored 20 points in the final 39 seconds to overcome Houston 37-23 in the Astrodome. Despite suffering a hyperextension of the elbow in the first half, the Mustangs' freshman quarterback, Mike Ford, ignited the resurgence by moving SMU downfield and setting up a 25-yard field goal

by John Dunlop that made the score 23-17. Houston seemingly had an opportunity to lock up the game with 3:41 remaining, but David Hill of the Mustangs blocked a field-goal attempt from 26 yards out. Then, with 39 seconds left, Arthur Whittington scored on a dazzling 14-yard run to knot the score. Dunlop added the extra point and SMU led 24-23. SMU then got two quick touchdowns, one after the Cougars fumbled at their own two and another when D. K. Perry intercepted a pass and raced 37 yards into the end zone.

Impressive statistics were accumulated by Ford (14 of 26 passes for 259 yards), Wingback Emanuel Tolbert (seven receptions for 140 yards and one TD) and Whittington (136 yards and two touchdowns in 26 rushes, three pass catches for 49 yards and two kickoff returns for 23 more).

Baylor also put on a remarkable late effort, but fell short and lost to Texas A&M. Three touchdown passes by Quarterback David Walker and two one-yard scoring plunges by Fullback George Woodley enabled the Aggies to storm to a 35-7 lead. It was at this juncture that the Bears got busy, freshman Quarterback Scott Smith scoring from one yard out just before the half ended.

Two short touchdown runs in the third period moved Baylor to within 35-28. But two late turnovers led to the Bears' downfall and a 38-31 setback, while the Aggies now have a 2-0 SWC record. The most baffling aspect of the game was that Baylor Fullback Steve Howell, who had gained 125 yards in the first half, did not get the ball thereafter.

A 21-point third period helped Texas Tech knock off Rice 42-7. Bill Adams contributed field goals of 52 and 47 yards as Tech won its second conference game in three outings.

1. TEXAS (5-0)

2. ARKANSAS (4-1) 3. TEXAS A&M (4-1)

MIDWEST Nebraska was not the only Big Eight favorite to have a hard time. Oklahoma lost the status-alic battle to Missouri (25 first downs to 12, and 419 yards to 358), but came away a 21-17 winner. And Colorado was fortunate to salvage a 17-17 tie with Kansas.

A 16-yard scoring run with a recovered fumble by Linebacker Billy Bess and a 36-yard field goal by Jeff Brockhaus had given Missouri a 10-0 lead over Oklahoma. Striking fast, the Sooners needed just three plays and 41 seconds to score before halftime. Quarterback Thomas Lott scampered 62 yards on the first of those plays, four more on the next and then passed 14 yards to Tight End Victor Hicks for the touchdown.

Encouraged by that and hoping that a 20 mph wind coming at Missouri would hamper the passing of Quarterback Pete Woods, Oklahoma Coach Barry Switzer decided to kick off to the Tigers at the start of the third period. His strategy worked perfectly. Missouri

was unable to move. Oklahoma took over and marched 46 yards for a touchdown, with Elvis Penick during the last 35. Woods was intercepted on Missouri's final possession and five plays later Lott scored on a one-yard sneak for a 21-10 Sooners lead.

Going into its game, Kansas was last in the Big Eight in rushing defense and Colorado was sixth in the country in ground gaining. Nevertheless, the Jayhawks outran the Buffaloes 338 to 158. Colorado had held a 17-3 lead, but Brian Bettke came off the bench to direct the Jayhawks to a pair of touchdowns. Bettke was also moving Kansas into position for a game-deciding field goal in the closing seconds only to have the ball fumbled away.

Oklahoma State avoided a tie with Kansas State when Quarterback Randy Stephenson went over from the one-yard line with less than a minute to go for a 21-14 win.

"The idea that we are 17-point favorites is ridiculous," said Michigan Coach Bo Schembechler before a Big Ten confrontation with undefeated Wisconsin. He felt the score would be closer. When the game was over, the 104,992 spectators had to disagree with Bo, whose Wolverines more than tripled the point spread while winning 36-0. Even with leading runner Herlan Huckleby sidelined with a pulled hamstring, Michigan racked up 419 yards on the ground. Sophomore Roosevelt Smith, Huckleby's understudy, picked up 157 of them in 25 carries and scored twice.

The only thing Ohio State Coach Woody Hayes lost at Iowa was his cap, which was swept by a fan after his Buckeyes' 27-6 win. Hayes did not lose his temper with reporters and even permitted them to interview his players. And he was positively loquacious about Quarterback Rod Gerald, who hit on nine of 12 passes and ran for 160 yards.

In other Big Ten tussles, Illinois scored twice in the fourth period to upend Purdue 29-22. Minnesota beat winless Northwestern 13-7 and Indiana led Michigan State 13-13.

Bowling Green tightened up the Mid-American race by handing Kent State its first conference loss, 14-10.

1. MICHIGAN (6-0)

2. OKLAHOMA (5-1) 3. OHIO STATE (6-1)

WEST Optimism abounded at Colorado State, the Rams feeling certain they would lengthen their five-game unbeaten streak against Brigham Young. About the only thing that bothered the Rams was that they would not have a chance to display their defensive proficiency against the Nation's No. 1 passer, BYU's Gifford Nielsen, whose knee was operated on last week.

Subbing at quarterback for the Cougars was sophomore Marc Wilson, a Nielsen built-alike at 6'5" and 265 pounds. It did not take long for Wilson to give the State defense a chance to show itself and for him to prove

continued

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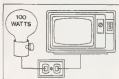
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he could pass like Nielsen. Instead of dropping back into the pocket to let Nielsen, though, Wilson uncorked his passes off sprints. Before the third period ended he had accounted for eight touchdowns, seven with his passes (a WAC record) and one with a short plunge. By the time Wilson was removed late in the third quarter, BYU was in front 56-10. Almost obscured by his feats was a WAC mark set by State's Ron Harris, who took a kickoff two yards in his end zone and zipped the length of the field for a touchdown. When it was all over the Cougars, 63-17 victors, had moved into first place in the conference.

Also displaying his marksmanship was California Quarterback Charlie Young, who completed 17 of 25 throws for 375 yards as the Golden Bears throttled Oregon State 41-17 in a Pacific-8 clash. While establishing a school total offense record of 399 yards, Young connected on scoring bombs of 83, 85 and 43 yards. Tallying on those last two plays was Tailback Oliver Hillman, who also scored on two short runs as he set another Cal record with his four touchdowns.

Big plays were prevalent, too, as Washington dumped Stanford 45-21. Long-distance scoring jaunts were made by five Huskies: Tailback Joe Steele (83 yards around right end); Fullback Ron Gipson (59 yards right down the middle); Cornerback Nesby Glasgow (73-yard punt return); Flanker Spider Gaines (26-yard pass from Quarterback Warren Moon); and Safety Greg Grimes (29 yards with an interception). Those plays offset the 28-for-47 passing of Stanford's Guy Benjamin, whose passes produced three touchdowns and three yards.

While many of the 51,120 fans tuned in the Dodge-Yankee World Series game on their radios, Southern Cal named on the Homecoming crowd with a 33-15 wipeout of Oregon. What grabbed the spectators' interest most were a pair of lengthy scoring passes by Quarterback Rob Hensel. His first was a 51-yarder to Randy Simmn, the second a 44-yarder to Kevin Williams. Washington and USC thus remained the only undefeated teams in Pac-8 play. A 27-16 win over Washington State gave UCLA its first conference triumph.

San Diego State, which had its 10-game winning streak ended the week before, prolonged a streak of a different sort by correctly calling the pregame coin flip for the 15th time in a row. Then David (Deacon) Turner of the Aztecs barreled his way for 129 yards and three touchdowns in a 49-7 romp over Texas-El Paso. Three other Aztec touchdowns were picked up on the passing of Quarterback Joe Davis.

Three second-half touchdowns by Fullback George Perry enabled Arizona State to down Air Force 37-14.

SOUTH A resolute defense enabled Kentucky to beat LSU in Baton Rouge for the first time since 1949. The Tigers, who led the nation in total offense with 487.5 yards a game and in rushing with 371.7, wound up with only 259 yards, 162 of them on the ground. Not satisfied with just stopping LSU, Wildcat End Art Still grabbed the ball on a blocked field-goal try by the Tigers and lugged it 52 yards for a touchdown. Cornerback Dallas Owens then stole a pass and ran it in from 81 yards out as Kentucky won 33-13 in this Southeastern Conference game.

Bear Bryant's hands shook as he topped a postgame soft drink. His Alabama squad had just beaten Tennessee 24-10, but the Crimson Tide hadn't had an easy time with the fired-up Vols. What did in Johnny Majors' troops were touchdown runs of four and nine yards by Quarterback Jeff Rutledge and his 30-yard scoring pass to Ozzie Newsome.

Georgia took advantage of fumbling Vanderbilt to register a 24-13 win. Mississippi downed independent South Carolina 17-10. Mississippi State, though, was surprised by outsider Memphis State 21-13. And independent Georgia Tech stopped Auburn 38-21.

Freshman Tailback Amos Lawrence, who had gained more than 100 yards in each of the previous two games as a reserve, got his first start for North Carolina and broke loose for 216 yards in a 27-14 upset of first-place North Carolina State in an Atlantic Coast Conference game. Maryland stopped Wake Forest 35-7. Clemson rallied past Duke 17-11.

Doug Williams of Grambling set an NCAA career record with his 73rd touchdown pass during a 42-21 win over Mississippi Valley State. Williams threw three touchdown passes and his serials accounted for 324 yards.

1. ALABAMA (5-1)

2. KENTUCKY (5-1) 3. FLORIDA (2-1-1)

EAST For the first time in 27 years Joe Paterno missed a Penn State game. Instead of going to Syracuse, the Nittany Lions' coach stayed with his son David, 11, who the day before had suffered a fractured skull in a fall from a trampoline. Without Paterno, his team nearly blew a 31-10 third-period lead. A 63-yard return with the opening kickoff by freshman Booker Moore got Penn State going and two diving touchdowns by Steve Grise helped build State's advantage. But the Orange's junior Quarterback Bill Hurley confounded the Penn State defense with his arm, setting school records with 36 passes, 22 completions and 329 yards gained, and by participating in 58 plays. Among the passes were two for touchdowns, and he might well have made Syracuse a winner had it not been for two 15-yard penalties that thwarted one drive, and if a pass to the State 10 had not been dropped in the late going. Bruce Smail, who muffed that throw, tied a team mark with seven pass catches to

no avail as Penn State hung on 31-24.

Navy, too, rallied but was unable to catch Pittsburgh. The Panthers scored 14 points in their first two possessions and went on to win 34-17. However, the Maddies got 129 yards rushing from Joe Gattano and at one point cut the Panther lead to 24-17. Keeping the Pitt offense clicking were Elton Walker (169 yards in 21 carries), Fred Jacobs (109 in 13 tries) and Matt Cavanaugh (nine completions in 12 attempts for 179 yards).

Tailback Jerome (Pearly Gates) Heavens set a Notre Dame record by rushing for 200 yards in 34 carries against Army, breaking the team mark of 186 set by Emil Sitko in 1948. Heavens scored the only TD of the first half on a three-yard thrust. But then the Irish wore down the Cadets, finishing with 342 yards rushing and with a 24-0 victory.

Boston College and Boston University both earned wins with late scores. The Eagles trailed 24-17 at West Virginia before recovering a Mountaineer fumble and picking off a pass, defensive efforts that set up a touchdown, a field goal and a 28-24 upset. The Ter-

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: In his first start, Quarterback Marc Wilson completed 15 of 25 passes for 332 yards and seven touchdowns, planned one yard for another six-pointer and guided BYU to a 63-17 victory over Colorado State.

DEFENSE: Tackle Brad Shearer, a 6' 4", 250-pound senior, made 18 tackles (eight unassisted), sacked the quarterback once and recovered a fumble as undefeated Texas did not allow a touchdown, beating Arkansas 13-9.

niers trailed 13-3 going into the last quarter at Holy Cross. They came out ahead 14-13 when Greg Geiger scored from one yard out with 48 seconds left and then ran for a two-point conversion. Moments earlier, Geiger had missed on a two-point pass attempt, but the Crusaders had been offside and he made good on his second chance.

Lehigh, which had been averaging 33.8 points, did not get on the scoreboard at Rutgers, losing 20-0.

By rolling up its biggest score against Dartmouth since 1893, Harvard toppled the Big Green from the unbeaten list, 31-25, and took command in the Ivy League with a 3-0 record. Yale paralyzed a blocked punt and three Columbia fumbles into four early touchdowns, got 172 yards rushing from John Paghara and breezed 42-20. Brown methodically disposed of Cornell 21-3. A 98-yard scoring sprint with the opening kickoff by Henry White started independent Colgate on its way to a 31-13 drubbing of Princeton.

1. PENN STATE (5-1)

2. PITTSBURGH (4-1-1) 3. COL GATE (5-0)

1. USC (5-1)

2. CALIFORNIA (5-1) 3. BYU (4-1)



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Breic prefers to practice against Beckenbauer

Disturbing raid by the Cosmos

The NASL champs flouted an unwritten rule and rattled everybody in college soccer by signing two undergraduates

As he was passing through a St. Louis hotel lobby one evening recently, David Breic (pronounced Bur-sek), 19, was hailed by a former college rival. "Hey, Dave, I just heard that you signed with the Cosmos. That's great!"

When Breic smiled his thanks there was an impressive display of late-teen or orthodontic braces, an adolescent mark that made it difficult to believe the boy had signed a contract in professional sports. And though he carried off the scene all right, not everybody thought his signing was just great. Until the end of September, Breic had been the outstand-

ing goalkeeper for perennially strong St. Louis University, and his move to the Cosmos had profoundly disturbed the entire college soccer community. Last week the collegians were shocked again as the Cosmos reached out and picked off another college star—Rickie Davis of the University of California at Santa Clara—and signed him, too, to a so-called "Olympic" contract.

Until this fall the individual NASL teams had honored a gentleman's agreement not to recruit undergraduate players. Instead they have held a full-fledged NFL-type draft for graduating seniors each spring. But a few weeks ago the Cosmos, in the wake of Pelé's retirement and with a new enthusiasm for American players, turned their attention from the international soccer player pool and began closing in on the college ranks.

Eddie Firmani, the Cosmos' head coach, spoke warmly of the new approach and the reasons for it. "We need more Americans in the game at this point, and the way to do it is to get as many 18- and 19-year-olds into our programs as we can," Firmani said. (League rules now mandate a progressive reduction each year in the number of foreigners carried on NASL teams.)

"The colleges are just not turning out the numbers and the quality of players we need," Firmani said. "They play only three months a year—maybe 20 games of mediocre competition by our standards. Developing kids need year-round training. And outside of the top 15 schools, the boys are getting antiquated

and ineffective coaching. By the time a boy's 22 and getting out of school he's wasted four years in which he might have been developing toward the pros. We're moving toward the system followed elsewhere in the world of club junior teams, with proper coaching and training, playing against many foreign teams. It's something like the farm systems here in baseball and hockey. I hope the rest of the NASL follows our lead."

Well, Tampa Bay, Dallas and Los Angeles have been talking to undergraduates; in fact, Los Angeles made an offer to Breic before he signed with the Cosmos. Terry Fisher, former UCLA coach and the current Aztec mastermind, says, "I've been on both sides of the fence, and there's a real crisis for college soccer. Either they're going to continue to turn out sportsmen and scholars and lose their best players or they'll have to become a better pipeline to the NASL for players. A wrong choice can run the sport."

Although there has been progress in the performance of college players and the quality of competition—the NCAA now boasts 437 schools playing soccer, up from 277 in 1967—the colleges have had slim pickings from a boom that has led to 500,000 kids playing the game in California alone and 76,000-plus sellout crowds for the Cosmos. College soccer has simply been trampled in the rush, limping along without adequate funding and often without varsity status. If the pro raiding increases, the position of the sport at many schools could be badly damaged; the few superlative players would be courted by the NASL, and high school stars might decide to bypass college altogether.

The ruthless manner in which the Breic and Davis raids were made has left a bad taste. Last summer, while the U.S. Olympic team trained alongside the U.S. National team, both Breic and Davis told Assistant Coach Ray Kivecka that they wanted to turn professional. That was in August. In early September, after their season was over, the Cosmos hired Kivecka as an assistant coach. On Sept. 27, Breic signed his contract with the Cosmos, and at the end of last week Davis, after considering an offer from Tampa Bay, signed, too.

Although the situation is muddled by charges and countercharges, the imph-

continued

Davis says he wasn't strong for college anyway



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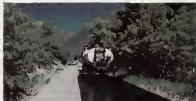
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cations for the college game are clear—Klivecka was hired by the Cosmos because of his access to and knowledge of the Olympic and National teams, the cream of American amateur players.

"Klivecka played dirty pool, no doubt about that," says Harry Keough, coach of St. Louis University, which had been stunned by Bricé's decision. It came just eight days before the SLU season opener. "On the other hand, college players must be pretty good for them to sign a 19-year-old. The Cosmos don't want Humpty-Dumptys."

Part of the bad feeling is also the result of awkward timing. Bricé was forced to make his decision when he did because of the NASL's "120-day" rule, which states that no college player can sign a pro contract until 120 days have passed since his last college class. That is just about the length of summer vacation. If raiding continues, there will be more flabbergasted coaches.

Although Bricé's teammates, as well as his coach, are still upset by his defection, he defends himself and his plan for the future. "I want to be the best goalkeeper in the NASL," he says. "I've wanted that for a long time, and I'm ready now." Like Davis, Bricé has played soccer since the age of six, and with various teams he traveled to West Germany to play at 14 and to Puerto Rico at 16.

"Not even SLU and Harry Keough could make me a great player soon enough," he says. "One year with the Cosmos is equal to three in college, and learning to stop Franz Beckenbauer's shots in practice is better than doing the same thing with some kid I grew up with in St. Louis."

To woo Bricé away from SLU, the Cosmos offered a juicy "Olympic" contract. It provides first of all that Bricé retains his amateur status, making him eligible for the Olympic team. Under U.S. Olympic rules Bricé could accept the entire Cosmos package of college tuition fees, room, board, travel expenses and a \$50 a week allowance, plus a fee for "not being able to seek other self-employment" because of his Olympic amateurism. But other considerations persuaded Bricé to give up college. "The Cosmos will send me either to Bayern-Munich or to a top Italian team to train with their juniors this winter," he says. "That's invaluable. And then I'll suit up and,

continued

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hopefully, play with them next year in NASL competition, plus the Olympic and National teams. I get a house in New Jersey to share with the other juniors, and a car." And, presumably, all of the Big Apple he can munch.

Davis, who was offered similar contracts by New York and Tampa, says, "College was never it for me. I just went because that's what everybody did. And this way I don't have to go through the draft and maybe end up with a club that can't do much for me." Davis undoubtedly would have been a top-round pick, class of '80.

This situation makes Walt Chyzowych, coach of both the U.S. Olympic and National teams, a guardedly happy man. With these very young, top American amateurs receiving NASL-quality coaching and training abroad, he will be able to draw on higher-caliber players for the 1980 Olympics and the 1982 World Cup competitions. The U.S. has already been

eliminated from 1978 Cup competition. "The colleges have done a fine job," says the diplomatic Chyzowych, a former campus coach himself at Philadelphia Textile, "and as the quality of their players grows, they'll do fine, there's no reason for them to panic. But we compete on the National team level with 140 countries, and are years behind them. If the best players go to the pros and play both National and Olympic games, we increase our prestige in the world community and build amateur soccer to a level that will benefit schools, too."

And so the colleges are caught in a squeeze between the NASL's hunger for players and the Olympic team's need for top-drawer amateurs. Last week the colleges were assessing blame in a variety of directions and forecasting a gloomy short-term future.

Steve Negroesco, coach of last year's NCAA champion University of San Francisco Dons, was fuming. "It's all

financial," he said. "Soccer is the fastest-growing sport in the U.S. and we're allowed 11 scholarships by the NCAA. The old jocks with the football mentality who run it still give football 95 scholarships. We're the NCAA Division I champs and my players don't even have the three different types of shoes necessary to play in different conditions."

"And I'm not even a full-time coach. I teach ninth-grade science to support myself. Even though it's cutting my own throat, I don't blame the NASL for going to the club system. Maybe it is better for the best kids. Our hands are tied by the NCAA and the blindness of sports programs."

"What hurts most," said a wounded Dave Chaplick, coach of Santa Clara, "is that we send out kids to the Olympic and National teams, and then they help the pros read us. Losing Rickie Davis is not the end of the world, but it's the principle of the thing. Rickie missed three

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games here at the beginning of the season, and we didn't begrudge his being with the National team, although we lost our chance at a conference championship with him gone. For that cooperation, we get kicked in the teeth."

Frank Longo of Quincy College, an official of the National Collegiate Soccer Association, says, "First the pros used so many foreign players to get good teams that our college players couldn't look forward to a career in the pros, and then the minute they want American kids they raid us. It's just more tentacles of the monster. Unless the league acts, it may well be the end."

Meeting in New York last week to consider less tendentious matters, such as awarding new franchises, NASL owners had no time to ponder the fate of college soccer and came to no decision on raiding, though one league official mentioned a possible compromise solution. "It looks as though we'll go to a pre-graduation draft system in which high school players and college dropouts would be bid on by all the clubs in turn," he said. "That would stop kids dropping out to sign with the Cosmos or the Rowdies or whoever had the best showboat and the most money. It won't stop it, but it'll slow it down."

"But next season we'll have at least five new teams. They all need six Americans on their rosters, by league rule, and those bodies have to come from someplace."

Seeking to quell the fear on campuses, the Aztecs' general manager, John Chaffetz, defended the prospect of more signings in the future. "We're not declaring war on the colleges, we're just making a minor incursion," he said. While most observers agree that a little raiding won't cripple the colleges, it could produce an anti-college movement among the top high school players, sending them directly to the pros.

And that worries St. Louis' Harry Keough. "Sure, the pros keep the kids amateur and they'll pay for their college education. But how many of them, as time passes, will actually go back to school? Not many, I think. And then they're out on their duffs with some memories and no job."

For the moment, however, Dave Brice and Rickie Davis like the looks of an NASL champion's ring better than one reading Class of '80.

END

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This time the News is good

Happy but stepping warily, Detroit's Marvin Barnes gets out of the slammer



At 15 minutes past midnight last Friday, after 152 days on the inside, Marvin Barnes, 25, walked out of the Adult Correctional Institute at Cranston, R.I., climbed into his lawyer's Rolls-Royce and was driven off to resume his job as a \$300,000-a-year forward for the Detroit Pistons. Hardly any event in Barnes' life has been ordinary. His nickname says as much: "Bad News," or, simply, "News."

After spending a few hours with his mother, sister and friends in West Providence, the 6' 9", 225-pound Barnes flew to Buffalo, where he rejoined the Pistons for a preseason game against the Braves. It was his first pro basketball game since March 27, when a fractured hand ended his initial—and wholly unfulfilled—season in the NBA after two brilliant years with the ABA Spirits of St. Louis.

Since his days as an All-America at Providence, News has been noted for his cockiness but, like a young Muhammad Ali, he seemed to live up to almost every boast. He has never been known for tact. "News didn't come here to sit on no wood," he announced on joining the Pistons last year. Fresh out of college in 1974 and negotiating with both the Philadelphia 76ers and the Spirits, he proclaimed that he "would rather work in a factory" than sign for less than a million dollars. After he signed with St. Louis for \$2.5 million, he showed up at the press conference wearing a construction worker's hard hat.

But around that time, Barnes made a critical and perhaps unwise decision. He pleaded guilty to a two-year-old charge that he had attacked Providence teammate Larry Kettvirts with a tire iron. The judge gave him three years' probation. Then, on Oct. 9, 1976, a metal detector

at Detroit Metropolitan Airport picked up something suspicious in his luggage. It turned out to be an unloaded pistol—a clear violation of probation. On May 16 News began serving a one-year sentence that was shortened to five months, and last Friday he was free again, on parole.

At a press conference in Buffalo, flanked by Pistons General Manager Bob Kauffman and Coach Herb Brown, Barnes was ever so cautious, aware that he would be judged on whatever he said and did. So he said things like, "I paid my debt to society. I want to come out, be a basketball player again, do what's right." Kauffman prompted him to tell of the time he had spent studying while in prison. "Oh, yeah," said Barnes. "I couldn't cut no classes."

But that was not the real Marvin. Not the Marvin who once said, "I sell more newspapers than a lot of people. I helped build the Providence Civic Center." Not the Marvin who once missed a St. Louis team plane to Virginia, chartered one himself, arrived after the game had started and scored 53 points. Not the Marvin who once took 20 playground kids shopping and bought them all \$30 sneakers and ice cream. People who know Barnes smile at stories like these, add a few more and say, "That's Marvin."

They would say the same sort of thing whenever Barnes got into trouble, which was often. The first time was during his senior year at Central High School. He was with a group of boys who decided to rob a Providence city bus. Aside from being 6' 5" and a local celebrity, Barnes

had the bad judgment to be wearing a jacket that had "State Champions" and "Marvin" written in script across the front. "Marvin could always be talked into doing a lot of things," says Jim Adams, his coach in high school and an assistant at Providence. "He never had a mind of his own. That's why he botched the Kettvirts thing."

The Kettvirts case was still pending while Barnes was in the process of negotiating his first contract. Barnes had hired and fired a parade of lawyers in the spring of 1974 before he eventually became convinced that a lengthy trial, no matter what its result, would jeopardize his bargaining position. He pleaded guilty and settled with Kettvirts for \$10,000, though he has maintained since that he hit Kettvirts with his fist and then only in self-defense.

Barnes was not at ease when he rejoined his teammates. A TV crew filmed him as he put on his uniform, and the harsh lights thickened the locker-room tension. "Come on, Pistons, be happy!" shouted a cameraman. Guard Ralph Simpson broke the silence, beginning a mock interview with Forward M. L. Carr.

"Tell me, M.L., have you ever been in jail?"

"No, Ralph, but I think I'll go. It's a great way to get national publicity."

Barnes played 12 minutes against Buffalo, scoring four points. Afterward he seemed a bit more like himself. "Man, I been locked up five months," he said. "Flew all day, press conference this afternoon. Twenty-four hours ago I was in jail. Oh, my goodness, what a difference from jail. Those inmates play rough. We didn't have no indoor court. Plus, the baskets there are 12 feet high almost."

"Twelve feet high?" A teammate did not believe it.

"Well... about 11 feet high. It's a prison yard, you know—what you want? Surrounded by prison walls..."

He stopped. Looked around. Maybe for the first time in five months he realized just how lucky he was. "It wasn't nothin' like this. Nothin' like this."

Reporters had more questions. "Will you ever be a player again?" "Will you stay out of trouble now, Marvin?"

News looked like a child who had felt the paddle and was trying as hard as he could to be good. "I'm not sayin' nothin', I'm not doin' nothin'.... Not for a while... Then I'm gonna explode." **END**

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Eeny meeny miney mo

Deciding on the champions is a guessing game this year, and the Champagne Stakes only kept arguments bubbling as Calumet Farm's Alydar reaffirmed his class

There is an unwritten law regarding the Champagne Stakes—the colt finishing first will be named champion of his generation. For 12 seasons, commencing with Backpasser in 1965 and continuing through Seattle Slew in 1976, the law has been immutable even though it has provoked numerous arguments. In the case of Seattle Slew, the Champagne marked his only stakes win in three 1976 starts, but he was named the best 2-year-old, anyway. Last Saturday at Belmont Park Calumet Farm's Alydar beat Affirmed by 1½ lengths in a splendid horse race that marked the fifth meeting between the two, but only the second victory by Alydar over Affirmed.

Alydar's performance was the kind that normally deserves a championship. He was in trouble throughout the running, made a couple of right turns, about three lefts and threw in a couple of fig-

ure 8s as well. He was boxed, bothered and bewildered and took a harsh pounding from Jockey Jorge Velasquez' whip before reaching the wire in the mile race in 1:36½. But if Affirmed has beaten the Calumet colt three out of five, how can Alydar be the best 2-year-old? The Champagne Law says so, that's how.

At this time of year, racing people gather up their facts and opinions (mostly opinions) and try to decide on all the season's champions. Usually a runner has proved his worth by mid-October, although a few races remain that could bear on the final vote in November. Ballots are cast by the 500 members of the National Turf Writers Association, *Daily Racing Form* staffers and racing secretaries from dozens of tracks around the country. In December the results are announced with appropriate fanfare and fulmination.

Alydar—with his half sister Our Mems—has brought back to glory the devil's red of Calumet Farm



A certain amount of contentiousness is expected, but this year voices are being raised even before the ballots have been mailed out. The Alydar-Affirmed contest is only one being hotly disputed. Even more provocative is the question of who should be Horse of the Year. The principal candidates are Forego and Seattle Slew. They seemed certain to settle the matter on the racetrack by appearing together in at least one race during the fall, if not in more. But they never met.

Until July 3, Seattle Slew was the most popular horse in the U.S. since Trigger. He ran through the Triple Crown undefeated, the first colt in history to do so. Then came the Swaps Stakes at Hollywood Park in which he was beaten 16 lengths by J. O. Tobin, Affirmed and Text. The next day Forego, three for three at the time, ran in the Suburban Handicap at Belmont and was beaten a neck by Quiet Little Table while trying to carry a career high of 138 pounds. Forego lost his next outing, the Brooklyn Handicap, by 11 lengths, then finished last of seven in the Whitney Stakes over a deep, tiring track at Saratoga.

Meanwhile, Seattle Slew was hardly venturing from his shedrow. On Aug. 29 one of his owners, Dr. Jim Hill, was suspended for 30 days for practicing as a vet in New York while owning horses that were racing at the metropolitan tracks. Through the spring Dr. Hill had been a hidden partner in the champion colt, and it was not until Preakness Week that he acknowledged that he and his wife Sally owned 50%. But although the New York State Racing and Wagering Board knew Hill had violated the rules four weeks before the Belmont Stakes in June, it postponed a decision until late summer, which allowed Slew to star (before 70,229 Belmont patrons) in the final race of the Triple Crown.

While Hill and Slew sat out their suspensions, Forego ran a splendid race to win the Woodward Stakes. Suddenly the old gelding seemed sure of garnering his fourth championship in a row. But just days later, Forego's aging legs swelled and he was retired from competition for the year.

Seattle Slew will return to serious training this week—he has been bothered by a cough—and he could run again this year, but hardly during the "voting season."

Traditionally, those who decide the

Horse of the Year place more value on races won in the fall than in the spring. Also, in the past 20 years the horse that wins the Woodward has been named Horse of the Year more often than not. Then there is the matter of weight. Forego has won his titles in large part because of his amazing ability to carry huge amounts of lead. His record this year shows four wins in seven starts, a winning percentage of .571. While that is a low figure, other horses have been named Horse of the Year with lower figures: Fort Marcy in 1970 (.384), Roman Brother in 1965 (.357) and Kelso with .455 in 1964 and .500 in 1962.

Now, consider the arguments for Slew Count Fleet, Whirlaway, War Admiral, Citation and Secretariat won the Triple Crown and also were named the outstanding performers of those seasons. However, with the exception of Count Fleet (who was injured in the Belmont), they ran well throughout the fall. But none of those colts had to face a rival in the polls with the reputation of a Forego. Still, when one looks at what Seattle Slew accomplished in 1977—winning six of seven starts—it is hard to deny him the title.

His only defeat came when his owners went to Hollywood Park in search of glitter and gold and their reach exceeded Slew's grasp of the surface. They underestimated the toll the Triple Crown had taken on the horse, and they broke another racing rule, a very old one, which says that if you are good let the opposition come to you. Never go looking for horses to beat you, because they are out there somewhere.

In other divisions the awards will be easier to hand out—top 2-year-old filly, Lakeville Miss; 3-year-old filly, Our Mims; older horse, Forego, of course; handicap mare, Cascapedia; sprinter, Seattle Slew; grass horse, probably Majestic Light, but three \$150,000-plus turf races remain to be run.

Alydar and Affirmed will go head to head one final time in the Laurel Futurity on Oct. 29. Both stables are eager for the matchup. If Alydar comes home in front that day, one could consider a third nomination for Horse of the Year. Sweet Tooth, the colt's dam, also produced Our Mims. It would seem that a mare that comes up with two champions in one season deserves something more than a pat on the neck and a handful of Kentucky clover.

END



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The fly now, swoop later plan

The Falcons are not yet world-beaters, but there they are atop the NFC West

The surprising Atlanta Falcons finally played down to form last Sunday, losing to the previously winless Buffalo Bills 3-0 in Buffalo. It was not a titanic struggle, the real winners were the 2,311 no-shows. Still, for the fifth straight week Atlanta displayed a heretofore well-concealed obsession with victory. Facing fourth and one at the Bills' four-yard line with less than four minutes to play, they shunned a tying field goal and went for the jugular. They came up with a mouthful of dirt. But even in defeat the Falcons, with a 3-2 record, held on to a share of first place in the NFC West with the Los Angeles Rams, whom they upset 17-6 on opening day.

These exalted heights don't shock anybody quite as much as the Falcons themselves. In fact, Eddie LeBaron and Leeman Bennett, Atlanta's new general manager and head coach, wasted the whole summer preparing Falcon fans for the likelihood that their team wouldn't win—at least not this season. Theirs was a carefully calculated public-relations posture designed to buy time for some much-needed rebuilding—several years of time—while avoiding the pitfall common to most new administrations, which is arousing vain expectations. The game plan for the 1977 Falcons was patience. But apparently Quarterback Scott Hunter and Running Back Haskel Stanback and a lot of other players not nearly so well known never got the message. Now the long-suffering fans of Lovensville, U.S.A. are expecting miracles from their new heroes. For the team's next home game, against Minnesota on Oct. 30, they have bought more tickets—60,740—than to any previous Falcon contest.

How does Bennett handle this unexpected turn of events? Delicately. "I don't know that we have the coaching to be a contender," says the coach. "I don't know that we have the personnel to be a contender. But we do have the

record of a contender." Who can argue?

Yet the Falcons' first-place standing is not totally unexplicable. Much of the explanation for Atlanta's surprising rise, and Buffalo's corresponding decline (Sunday's victory was the first for the Bills in five games), can be found in an area frequently undervalued in the NFL—the operation of the front office. For most of their brief histories the Falcons and Bills have served as primers on how not to run front offices. Most, if not all, of the blame has fallen on the teams' owners, Atlanta's Rankin Smith and Buffalo's Ralph Wilson.

Wilson, who lives in Detroit, has hired all the head coaches and key front office personnel in the Bills' 18 years, and in that entire period has come up with just one sound football man for his organization—Lou Saban. Saban coached Buffalo to two championships in the mid-'60s, then left and wasn't lured back until after the 1971 season, when the Bills slipped to 1-13. Wilson gave him authority over all football matters. Within three years Saban got Buffalo back into the playoffs. But as the team improved, Wilson gradually undercut his coach's authority, most noticeably by taking away control of the draft, which Saban had handled admirably, and turning it over to an old favorite, Personnel Director Harvey Johnson, who failed miserably. Last year Saban resigned in frustration. After he left, Buffalo lost 13 straight games under his beleaguered successor, Jim Ringo, a streak that didn't end until last Sunday.

Smith's meddling with the Falcons' fortunes reached new depths last year. In 1975 Smith had hired a Miami Dolphin personnel man, Pat Peppier, as general manager, without giving him authority over the hiring and firing of coaches. Peppier recommended to Smith that he fire the head coach, Marion Campbell. Smith, loyal to Campbell, refused and never forgave his GM. When the owner eventually did fire Campbell last year after a 30-0 loss to New Orleans, he replaced him with a reluctant Peppier, saying, in effect, that if he knew so much, he should be the coach. None of this was likely to stir the Falcons to greater efforts on the playing field.

Even before the season ended, Smith

continued

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Exxon's research affiliate built and is operating a pilot plant for the U.S. Government to demonstrate the fluidized bed combustion process. Exxon is one of several firms involved in a national program aimed at developing this cleaner way to burn high sulfur coal.

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Exxon pioneered the development of fluidized bed technology for refining gasoline and other fuels. Applying it in this new way to help satisfy our nation's energy needs is a good example of how experience in one form of energy can pay off in another.



announced that he intended to sweep the Falcon house clean. Rumors flew Joe Thomas was supposed to be all set to take control, but he wanted too much money and ended up in San Francisco instead. Former Arkansas Coach Frank Broyles was offered the general manager's job but turned it down. Redskins Coach George Allen and Dallas Personnel Director Gil Brandt were other alleged candidates. Then, off the wall, Smith announced he had picked LeBaron, the former Cowboy and Redskin quarterback who had been practicing law in Nevada for the past 13 years.

Among the prospective coaches were Texas Tech's Steve Sloan, Pat's Johnny Majors, the Raiders' John Madden and Allen. The job went to Bennett, an assistant in charge of receivers with the Los Angeles Rams, who at 39 thus became the youngest head coach in the NFL. His chief claim to fame was that he had called all the plays in the Rams' 59-0 rout of the Falcons the previous year. The Atlanta Constitution was quick to offer an editorial opinion: "The Atlanta Falcons have done it again. They have hired two men who have no previous experience at the jobs for which they have been hired. Just more reorganizing and rebuilding—like that of an expansion team—after 11 years in the NFL." Season-ticket sales dropped to an alltime low of 33,000.

To close Falcon observers, however, there were encouraging signs from the new hierarchy. For openers, Smith stayed out of the picture and has continued to do so, seemingly serious about turning the whole show over to LeBaron. As one newspaper headline gratefully noted, *MR. SMITH GOES TO WATCHING*.

More important, LeBaron and Bennett worked well together, something no Falcon general manager and coach had ever accomplished. "Our basic plan," says the new GM, "is to go with the draft. My role is to make sure we're always looking ahead, that we don't make decisions that will only help us today and not down the road. I have to provide the coach with all the tools he needs to win and make sure he doesn't have to look over his shoulder all the time." Along these lines LeBaron gave Bennett five years on his contract.

This front-office harmony hasn't been lost on the Atlanta players. "We never had any contentment in the locker room, because there was never any in the front

office," says Defensive End Claude Humphrey, who had asked to be traded and was all set to go to Buffalo this summer before LeBaron convinced him the future was bright in Atlanta. "The front office hassling rubbed off on the team. We were always up tight. There was no job security." Adds Stanback, "This is my fourth year here and in every one I've had a different coach. There was always pressure here because the coach knew he was going to be fired and he was letting us know that he wasn't going down alone."

On the field the job of remodeling the Falcons proved more trying, particularly when the club lost its quarterback, Steve Bartkowski, for the first half of the season and its best running back (some say its only running back), Bubba Bean, for the whole season with knee injuries. Bennett used a conservative approach. In training camp this summer he installed just two plays a day—a running play in the morning and a passing play in the afternoon. He cut down Atlanta's playbook and its game plans, substituting endless repetition.

The approach worked. Atlanta has not made costly mistakes. Hunter, who was waived out of football two years ago and spent 1975 running for county commissioner in Mobile, Ala.—and losing—has thrown only two interceptions. Meanwhile Atlanta has fumbled the ball away just three times, an important statistic since Bennett's Falcons are a running team. Bennett subscribes to the theories of Bud Goode, a computer statistician whom he and several other NFL coaches have on the payroll as consultant. Goode's theory of offense is simple: the more you run, the more you win, regardless of how well you run. After their first four games this season the Falcons were dead last in the league in average yards per rush, a comment on their talent. On the other hand they had rushed the ball more than any other NFL team except Oakland and were the surprise of the league with their first-place standing. But no surprise to Goode. "Leeman," he says, "is my best student."

And for the moment at least, the Falcons are the NFL's best study in instant improvement. Why, last week a Falcon official even answered his telephone saying, "Super Bowl headquarters." It had a nice, official ring to it. But then the official burst out laughing. In Atlanta, the game plan is still patience.

END



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THIS STRANGE AND PERILOUS JOINT

The knee, which bends, twists, floats, glides and sometimes wears out, is a marvelous mechanism—but not designed for the rigors of sport

by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON



CONTINUED

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KNEES

continued

The knee. It was for a long time misunderstood as being simply a joint made for bending. It was thought that it worked like a garden gate. Gray's *Anatomy*, that classic medical student's tome first published in 1858, pointed out this mistake, saying, "The knee joint was formerly described as a ginglymus or hinge joint, but is really of a much more complicated character."

Complicated character, indeed. Gray—Dr. Henry Gray, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons—was speaking only of the anatomical complications of the knee; he scarcely could have dreamed of the real complications—legal, economic, emotional, even sociological—that would befall that strange and perilous joint in the late 20th century.

The horror stories are endless, the statistics staggering. A roster of big-name athletes—superstars, stars, would-be stars—who have been crippled, slowed, weakened or forced to retire because of knee injuries in the past five years alone reads much like the list of names on a plaque at the base of a statue commemorating the dead of this war or that—young people cut down before their time. If you multiply the roster of famous crippled athletes by 10,000 or so, you will approximate the number of all the others—high school quarterbacks and YMCA forwards and commercial-league softball shortstops—who were also cut down by bad knees before they were anywhere near ready to quit.

The knee is the single most abused joint in sports, particularly football. Two Saturdays ago, for sad example, se-

nior Quarterback Gifford Nielsen of Brigham Young University, the nation's most effective college passer this season and a leading Heisman Trophy candidate (he had completed 62.8% of his passes, 16 of them for touchdowns), was cut down while releasing a pass against Oregon State. He suffered torn ligaments in his left knee and, as abruptly as that, his Heisman hopes and his college career came to an end. So far this year, more than 50 NFL players have had their seasons cut short by knee injuries. The average NFL career is 5.03 years. One of every five players who compete that long suffers knee damage. Last year the Miami Dolphins had a nightmarish knee-injury record: eight Dolphins had a total of 11 knee operations, and 21 hurt their knees one way or another. Coach Don Shula spliced together a movie reel of his players being injured so team doctors could study the causes. What the film showed merely added to the mystery and fear surrounding the knee—there was no common denominator to the injuries. Some players were hurt hitting opponents, others while being hit. One Dolphin hurt his knee when a teammate rolled over him in a pileup, another was accidentally blindsided by a teammate in an open field, and two defensive backs hurt themselves while running pass-coverage routes in which there was no contact at all.

The knee has generated its own lore. The scarred knees of Joe Namath, Bobby Orr, Gale Sayers, Willis Reed and E. J. Holub are enshrined in the annals of athletic injury.



Los Angeles orthopedist Dr. Robert Kerlan is in attendance on bench during Rams game.

When Ron Jesse hurt his knee, Kerlan was there to study and explain the damage.



So, too, is the knee of Mack Lee Hill of the Kansas City Chiefs. Hill hurt the knee in 1965, his second pro season, when he was on the verge of stardom. But he was terrified of surgery and resisted it until he was convinced that it was his only chance to play again. Hill died during the operation. The cause has never been specified, but one theory is that he died of fright. Each year the Chiefs honor his memory with an award to their best rookie.

The knees of Holub, a middle linebacker and center for the Chiefs for nine years before he retired in 1970, will never be forgotten: while a player, he underwent 11 knee operations, six on the left, five on the right—and has since had two more. "I guess my biggest handicap," says Holub, "is that I don't lay off it long enough after I have the surgery. The minute I start feeling good, I start getting back on the knee. The doctors aren't exactly excited about the way I am." Did all those operations do any good? "They've all been good," he says, "but I am still in pain all the time I've just learned to live with it. I've got scars all over both knees. A friend of mine saw my knees once, and he said it looked like I'd been in a knife fight with a midget."

If Holub's knees make the Hall of Fame for frequency of repair, then Dick Butkus' right knee ought to be honored for first producing top dollar in court. Butkus was awarded a record \$600,000 in 1976 as the result of a suit against the Bears and a Chicago doctor. Dozens of similar cases are pending against pro teams and their doctors.

The knee is one of the few parts of the body to have a worldwide association devoted to it. Last May orthopedic surgeons from half a dozen countries gathered in Rome for the first meeting of the International Society of the Knee. So urgent is the need to develop a common nomenclature for the myriad forms of knee instability, as well as to communicate new techniques in diagnosis, surgery and rehabilitation, that it seems only a global organization of its own can do justice to the knee.

Says Dr. Robert Kerlan, the Los Angeles orthopedist, "The old trick knee has turned out to be a lot trickier than anyone ever suspected, hasn't it?"

All the tricks the knee is capable of remained unknown for so long because men didn't put it through the stresses and strains it undergoes routinely in present-day athletics. Dr. Kerlan says, "The joint itself hasn't changed in millions of years. It is as old as man. In the earliest skeletons found, the knee joints are pretty much the same as they are today. The fact is, the human anatomy is simply not constructed for the games men play today."

Dr. James A. Nicholas, who as team physician for the New York Jets performed four operations on Namath's knees, says flatly, "The knee is the most poorly constructed joint in the body, given the torques and loads it takes in sports. And not just in football. Everything from plain running and jumping to bike riding, almost everything people do for recreation, is tough on the knee."

continued



Arthroscope lets doctors see knee damage, possibly correct it without major surgery.

Joe Namath's right knee is wrapped in ice after play to reduce inevitable swelling.

KNEES

continued

At its most fundamental, the knee acts as a hinge between the femur (thigh bone) and the tibia (leg bone). It is so flexible that when you sit, the two bones separate so that they are barely touching. But when you stand, the bones lock firmly together, forming a strong, unified structure. The end of the thigh bone resembles a rounded knob, the end of the tibia is relatively flat. Yet these two fit together perfectly, working against each other without friction, smooth as ball bearings rolling in a cup of oil.

Along with acting as a hinge, the knee glides, slides, twists, rocks and rolls. These movements occur over five different planes and points of contact between bones while the knee is supporting the bulk of the body through a variety of velocities, torques and pressures. The knee's delicate apparatus is expected to function flawlessly through all manner of self-inflicted trauma—jumpers' jolts and linebackers' impacts, joggers' heels thud-thud-thudding against pavements and backpackers' feet jarring down hillside, explosive sprints and sharp veers, wrenching zig-outs and screeching halts, cleats caught in plastic grass, spikes snagged on second base, skates twisted in rutted ice.

It is a lot to ask of a joint that was designed two and a half million years ago.

Briefly, the anatomy of the joint that gives the leg both explosive power and tree-trunk strength is this: the thigh bone is connected to the leg bone by a series of ligaments. They form the basic structural support to the joint through their tension and stability. There are four major ligaments. The medial collateral ligament running up the inside of the leg and the lateral collateral running up the outside keep the joint stable from side to side. In the joint, between the bones, are the anterior and posterior cruciate ligaments, which cross. They prevent the two bones from slipping backward or forward out of the joint. No matter how powerful the muscles around the knee, without strong resilient ligaments the joint would be useless. A sound working ligament is a wonder to behold. Gray's Anatomy describes it as being "pliant and flexible, so as to allow perfect freedom of movement, but strong, tough, and inextensible, so as not to yield readily under the most severely applied force . . ."

The kneecap or patella rides in a groove in the lower end of the thigh bone. It lies in a large tendon connecting the quadriceps muscle on the front of the thigh to the leg bone. Behind the patella, filling the spaces within the joint, is a material known as synovial tissue. It is a delicate membrane of connective tissue that secretes a thick, viscid substance—"glary, similar to the white of an egg," says Gray's. This synovial fluid lubricates the structures of the joint. Secreted excessively when the joint is hurt or irritated, the fluid used to be called "water on the knee."

Then there is the famed and troublesome knee cartilage known as interarticular fibrocartilage. Such cartilage is found in only a few joints of the body, and Gray's speaks of it as rather heroic stuff. "These cartilages are found in those joints which are most exposed to violent concussion and subject to frequent movement. Their uses are to obliterate the intervals between opposed surfaces in their various motions; to increase the depths of the articular surfaces and give ease to the gliding movements; to moderate the effects of great pressure and deaden the intensity of the

shocks to which the parts may be subjected." (Two other joints with similar cartilage are the wrist and the jaw.)

There is also cartilage behind the patella and a lining of cartilage on the top of the tibia, where it comes into contact with the femur. This works basically as a shock absorber, a super-slippery cushion that affords a satiny surface for the thigh bone to ride on with a minimum of friction. It is this cartilage that is most frequently torn, cut, pinched or loosened in knee injuries. The sections of it are called *menisci* because they resemble a lens or meniscus. The medial meniscus is on the inside of the tibia and the lateral meniscus is on the outside. They are half-moon shaped, and anatomists refer to them as the semi-lunar cartilage.

There is a thick and powerful structure of muscles and tendons in the thigh and leg that works to flex, drive and support the knee. Three major muscle groups are involved: the gastrocnemius (calf), the quadriceps femoris (front of thigh) and the hamstrings (back of thigh). The conditioning of muscles is essential for a sound athletic knee, but muscle injuries are rarely as crippling as those that involve the intricacies of the joint itself.

The number of possible combinations of knee injuries and resulting forms of instability is staggering. Dr. Kerlan says exasperatedly, "People ask me, 'What really is wrong with Bobby Orr's knee?' I tell them I've never seen it, that there could be any one of 11 things wrong." Dr. Nicholas says, "I can tell you off the top of my head 30 different things that could cause pain in the knee—and I wouldn't even mention the most common, which is wear and tear on the tendons of the patella."

The art of treating the knee has advanced so rapidly in the past 15 years that orthopedists are hard pressed to keep up with the variety of injuries and instabilities they are learning to diagnose and define. Dr. Kerlan recently sent a memo to a nurse listing new classifications developed by Dr. Jack Hughston and Dr. James Andrews regarding eight basic forms of knee instability. The eight were: straight medial, straight lateral, straight posterior, straight anterior, anteromedial rotary, anterolateral rotary, posterolateral rotary and combined rotary instability.

Dr. Donald Slocum of Eugene, Ore., one of the top knee specialists in the U.S., says, "I don't think there are actually so many more knee injuries per player than there were before. I think what we have now is better diagnosis. We are recognizing new types of conditions all of the time as a result of that. And, of course, the types vary greatly with each sport. There is a different type of injury when the foot is planted on the ground as it receives a blow than there is when the knee is injured in the air—as with a skier, for example. There are many more types of knee injury now than before simply because more people are participating in so many different sports. Many types of injuries are becoming more common, but 15 years ago we didn't recognize them at all."

Knee injuries, as Dr. Slocum indicated, can come from multiple sources. Blows to the kneecap after constant pressure (such as one endures while kneeling to clean floors, the celebrated "housemaid's knee") can cause inflammation, tendinitis and dislocation. Countless mini-traumas are produced in the knee joints of long-distance runners, hurdlers,

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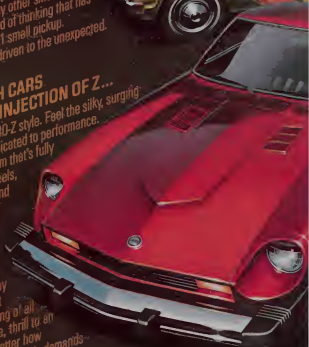



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KNEES

continued

cyclists, cross-country skiers, even hikers—and each can eventually result in debilitating harm, such as a frayed patella tendon or damaged cartilage. Obviously, the thunderous jolt of a 250-pound body hurtling against the side of a locked knee can rip the tendons from the bone. Or a misstep on a tennis court—or while shagging a fungo, as happened to the Tigers' Mark Fidrych—can tear cartilage, strain a ligament, pinch the synovial tissue.

Dr. Hughton, who practices in Columbus, Ga. and is another of the nation's leading knee surgeons, says, "Most knee injuries are caused by pure accident. A boy runs off the field and steps on a teammate's foot and tears all the ligaments on the outside of his knee. Basketball players come down wrong on their feet. Pole-vaulters, tennis players and water skiers have a lot of knee problems. Most knee problems are caused by non-contact sports."

Yet to generalize at all on the basic causes of knee injuries may be folly. Here, briefly, are some theses from Dr. Nicholas, Namath's doctor, who founded the Institute of Sports Medicine and Athletic Trauma and is chairman of the Research and Education Committee of the American Orthopedic Society for Sports Medicine. Dr. Nicholas feels there may be too much stress put on the knee as a single isolated joint. He says, "You can't separate the joints one from another. They're all in a linkage system. To work on the knee you have to have a total conception of the body. There are 400 muscles, 600 ligaments. We may be getting too fragmented in our views. I'm strongly for the Knee Society, but we must keep in mind all the linkages."

Besides the myriad effects that an out-of-line hip or an unturned ankle can have on a knee, Dr. Nicholas points out that no two people are constructed exactly alike, no two knees react identically. "There is no average man," he says. "We are all slightly dissimilar to each other. Everyone has different kinds of stress on every joint. What works for one man—a preventive brace or special taping to protect a knee—won't work for another. Age makes a difference, too; as you get older you get tighter. No, there is no average man, and this makes preventive medicine tough."

Dr. Nicholas has come to believe that there is a relationship between serious

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KNEES

continued

knee injuries and a person's being loose-jointed or tight-jointed. In general he has discovered that people who are loose have injuries that differ markedly from those who are tight. The tight-jointed suffer more ruptured tendons, spinal-disc troubles and articular lesions inside the knee. They pull muscles more often, and tend to have more serious knee injuries. Loose-jointed people are more prone to dislocation of joints. Women, generally, are more loose-jointed than men, and have many more dislocated patellas than men.

One of the earliest practitioners of sports medicine as a specialized pursuit was Dr. Daniel H. Levinthal, now 82, a perky old fellow who recently retired after 58 years as an orthopedist. For 21 of those years he was an official team surgeon for the Chicago Bears. Dr. Dan, as he was called, estimates that he has operated on some 6,000 knees, many of them belonging to such athletic heroes of the past as Bill Osmanski ("That was a real lesson in anatomy, that knee") and Kenny Washington ("His knee was full of little marbles of cartilage"). "The injuries were a bit different in the old days," says Dr. Levinthal. "There was no artificial turf, which has come to be a serious problem. And the helmet was just a little leather thing, not a lethal weapon for spearing like it is now when it can crack a kneecap. Players are taught to hit harder now. In football there is a killer spirit that causes severe injuries of all kinds, especially to the knee. Of course, techniques for diagnosis were limited in the old days. We had the X ray, but you can't see anything but bone—cartilage and muscle do not show. And we had external examinations—the push-pull test for cruciate ligaments, rotation for the medial meniscus, the spring reflex to see if the knee straightens or stays bent. There were many routines for these tests. But the best, of course, was an incision. I could usually make a two-to-three-inch incision and see everything I could want to know about a knee."

An arthrotomy (opening the joint surgically) is still considered an excellent way to diagnose an injury, but it is painful and disabling, and diagnostic techniques have progressed beyond it, especially in the last 10 years or so. One well-tested method is the arthrogram, a form of X-ray procedure in which a special liquid dye is injected with air into the knee

Viewed through the X ray, the dye forms a pattern on the soft-tissue structures so that a ligament or cartilage tear can be seen clearly where the dye penetrates. The procedure is relatively painless and takes no more than 45 minutes.

Newer yet is the use of arthroscopy. This technique involves a tiny one-suture incision, through which a sort of tubular telescope is inserted directly into the inner knee for immediate viewing. With certain new optical equipment that produces a light source, the specific abnormalities of the knee can be directly observed by the doctor, and photographed or projected on a television screen. The use of arthroscopy usually involves a bit of complication and inconvenience, but more and more outpatient clinics are now set up to handle it. Even though general anesthesia is required, new techniques have shortened the procedure to a matter of hours.

In recent years arthroscopy has also been used as a corrective measure in minor afflictions in which bits of cartilage are loose in the tissues of the knee. Arthroscopy is used to flush liquid through the knee, which washes out the debris causing the pain or disability.

Says Dr. Nicholas, "We are right 75% to 80% of the time with just an X ray, and a thorough history and examination. Adding an arthrogram we gain another 8% or so accuracy. Combining them all with the arthroscope, we can get up to 98% precise diagnosis of what is wrong."

Surgical techniques have been advancing rapidly, too. For many years the major problem was to find a way to stabilize torn ligaments. Relatively primitive surgery to accomplish this was begun during World War I, but the first breakthrough did not occur until the late 1930s, with Dr. Don O'Donoghue of Oklahoma City, widely known in the U.S. as the "father of knee surgery," in the forefront of this work.

Dr. O'Donoghue is still in active practice—and in great demand by top athletes. (He has performed two operations on the right knee of Willis Reed, the new coach of the New York Knicks.) Dr. O'Donoghue has seen revolutionary changes in knee treatment since he began practicing nearly 50 years ago. "The only known treatment for many years was to put a knee in a cast and hope the injury would go away in a few weeks," he says. "Knee surgery was seldom done

in the early '30s. There was a general feeling that when you got to the surgeon with your knee, your day of athletic competition was over. Then I began to notice that people who demanded surgery, because of the seriousness of their injury, got better results than people who were less seriously hurt and didn't have surgery. Then we got involved in some experimental work—ligament repair on dogs, for example. We felt we could then prove it was clinically possible for it to work on humans. It wasn't easy. Some people called us knife-happy."

In 1949 Dr. O'Donoghue published a paper, now considered a classic, on the case histories of 25 University of Oklahoma athletes who had major surgical repair on their knees and were able to play again. "That is when the concept finally arrived," he says, "that a doctor should do everything he could to make the player well enough to decide himself whether he wanted to go back to playing."

Dr. O'Donoghue's pioneering work was followed by other breakthroughs. Dr. Slocum recalls, "The concept of having ligaments repaired, not just in the forward-and-backward plane, but also in the side-to-side plane, was not arrived at until the early 1960s, when the theory of rotational instability was introduced. That led to a whole new line of thinking and the development of new techniques in the last 15 years."

As Dr. Nicholas puts it, "Surgery now has been developed to the point where any competent orthopedist can do it. You don't have to go flying off to some far-off wizard to have knee surgery."

However, the fact that surgery is so much more a matter of routine does not mean that it is a cure-all. Excruciatingly painful arthritic knees may occur in middle age after major surgery. Irritation and inflammation of the joint is difficult to avoid in many cases after the removal of cartilage. Thus, there are tough decisions for doctors—and athletes—to make every time surgery is contemplated. "The doctor represents the player," says Dr. Kerlan, "not the management, and he should play a kind of medical father to an athlete. We aren't just interested in pitching a man up so he can play more. We have to consider what goes on after the stresses of athletics. We have to think of the rest of a man's life. These people are young. They have 40 or 50 years left to live. They could spend it all in con-

stant pain. But when a player is a professional, his future depends on earning money while he can play. It's a critical period—10 or 15 years of earning power that can make him secure for life. So the players say, 'I know my knee is hurt, and I know there's a serious risk if you operate again, but I have to go ahead with it. I have to play, this is my life.'

"A doctor may argue with him and tell him, 'You may end up with lots of arthritic pain if we operate.' But these fellows say, 'I don't care.'"

The pressures on superstars to continue playing, no matter what the cost in pain and trauma and future mobility, are great indeed. Recalls Dr. Levintal, who was a consultant for the Bears when Halas sent Butkus to him in 1968, "I examined him and said, 'This knee won't stand pro football. Nor will it stand the routine trauma of life.' His knees were worn out. They were bone-to-bone. He'd worn out the inner cartilage. The semilunar cartilage was torn. There was irritation on the surface of the femur. Every move would be painful. He said to me, 'When do you want to operate?' I said, 'I won't do it.'"

Butkus went on to play another six years—often brilliantly—before he was forced to quit in 1974 at the age of 31. He went to court to win the fortune he wasn't able to make on the gridiron.

If athletes insisting on surgery have come to be a critical problem for orthopedists, even more so is the proliferation of lawsuits against the doctors who treat them. Dr. Kerlan says, "We are up to our necks in lawsuits from guys who forced us to do things for their careers. Sports medicine is new. Knee injuries are relatively new. We are learning so fast, maybe too fast. But we have to be allowed to continue our work in an orderly manner. This can't be done if there are aggressive attorneys waiting at every turn to sue us. We can't live in constant fear of being financially wiped out for life because we want to try something new, something better."

New techniques are exciting indeed. Doctors can replace ligaments. They can replace cartilage with steel and plastic connections. They can replace the whole knee joint. The artificial knee will not stand up to violent exercise, but as Dr. Kerlan says, "When some old guy from the Canton Bulldogs comes in with his trick knee, we can give him a new one

continued

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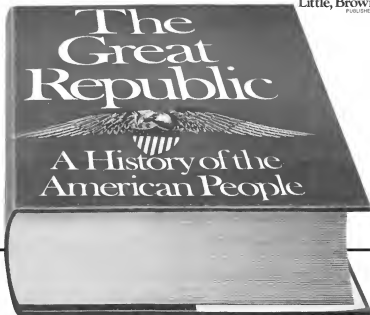
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PUBLISHERS



FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Oct. 10-16

CHESS—Grandmaster WILL TROMBLY of Berkeley, Calif., captured the U.S. National Chess Championship by defeating 11th-ranked Raymond Keene, 4-2, in a 10-game match. Trombly, 37, won the title with a 1-0 record in the final round.

PRO FOOTBALL—It should be a game of big plays and big scores, but the Dallas Cowboys and the New York Giants played a defensive battle in the NFC East. The Cowboys, led by quarterback Troy Aikman, won 20-17. The Giants, led by quarterback Kerry Collins, won 20-17. The Cowboys' defense was the key to their victory, as they held the Giants to 17 points. The Giants' offense was the key to their victory, as they scored 20 points.

BASEBALL—The New York Yankees won 10-1 over the Boston Red Sox in the AL East. The Yankees' offense was the key to their victory, as they scored 10 points.

GOLF—VICTOR KOSTIN, a professional golfer from the United States, won the 1997 PGA Championship. He defeated 11th-ranked Tiger Woods, 1-0, in a 72-hole tournament.

HARNESS RACING—JANIS L. L. L. won the 1997 Kentucky Derby. She defeated 11th-ranked Secretariat, 1-0, in a 1.5-mile race.

HOCKEY—The New York Rangers won 4-1 over the Boston Bruins in the NHL. The Rangers' offense was the key to their victory, as they scored 4 points. The Bruins' defense was the key to their victory, as they held the Rangers to 1 point.

WHA—The Washington Capitals won 4-1 over the New York Rangers in the NHL. The Capitals' offense was the key to their victory, as they scored 4 points. The Rangers' defense was the key to their victory, as they held the Capitals to 1 point.

HORSE RACING—The Kentucky Derby was won by Secretariat. He defeated 11th-ranked American Pharoah, 1-0, in a 1.5-mile race.

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CREDITS											
10	20	30	40	50	60	70	80	90	100	110	120
13	23	33	43	53	63	73	83	93	103	113	123
16	26	36	46	56	66	76	86	96	106	116	126
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31	41	51	61	71	81	91	101	111	121	131	141
34	44	54	64	74	84	94	104	114	124	134	144
37	47	57	67	77	87	97	107	117	127	137	147
40	50	60	70	80	90	100	110	120	130	140	150

FACTS IN THE CROWD



MIKE ZACK
Senior, N.Y.
Zack, 25, won the first PGA National Amateur Championship at Brookline, Mass., with a one-under-par 209 for 54 holes. He played the two-par 5-holes of the 6,421-yard course eight under, with two eagles and four birdies.



DON BROWN and APRIL MOON
Brown, 30, shot an 82 in the 1997 National Archery Association's eight championships at Weymouth, Utah. Using a 62-pound hand-held bow, Brown, 31, shot an arrow 116 yards, 2 feet 9 inches—more than 87 yards farther than the world record set last year by Bruce Odle. Moon, 30, using a 60-pound hand-held bow, became the first woman to exceed 100 yards. She shot an 81 for 810 yards, 2 feet 9 inches—nearly 50 yards better than the 1967 record set by Norma Beyer.



SUSAN LING
Senior, N.Y.
Susan, 14, a freshman at Alhambra High, won the Midwest Regional AAL high jump with a national age-group record of 5' 6". She also won the Midwest Regional Pentathlon for juniors with 1,002 points, taking three of the five events.



JEFF MAIATICO
Senior, N.Y.
Jeff, 14, a senior at William Allen High, became the first bowler in the history of the Pennsylvania senior league to roll a perfect game. Jeff's 300 surpassed the old high score of 298 set by Allen alum Ed Resler, now on the PA's all-time list.



SANDY RAY
Senior, N.Y.
A senior among students at Boston University, Ray, 21, won the New England women's single-handed sailing championship and the following week took first place in the President's Trophy, leading her boat to the team-sailing title.

Edited by GAY FLOOD

STILL THE CHAMPION

Sir

The Oct. 10 issue marks the 23rd time Muhammad Ali has appeared on your cover (the first time was in 1963). I know because all the others are on my wall, framed. I certainly hope he decides to end his great career before you have to print a tragic No. 24, showing him in defeat.

JOE SALATA
Bridgeport, Conn.

Sir

So Muhammad Ali once again survives in the ring, only to be counted out by the writers and critics (Once More to the Well, Oct. 10). Let the WBA strip Ali of its lofty title if he doesn't fight Kenny Norton or Jimmy Young. Let Madison Square Garden deny Ali fighting privileges there. And let SPORTS ILLUSTRATED continue its tedious argument as to why he should retire. Muhammad Ali is still the heavyweight boxing champion of the world. And that is undeniable.

D. G. RUFF
Bellingham, Wash.

Sir

Henry Aaron, Jerry West and Pete all came to the realization that their athletic careers had come to an end. Ali, no more immortal than any of these, must now reach the same conclusion. He has been a great fighter, a talker, a social leader and a benefactor, and as long as the media are as honest and accurate as Pat Putnam was in his article, the Ali legend is in good hands.

FREDERICK M. ROSS
Miami

PELE'S FINALE

Sir

I was disappointed to see Muhammad Ali and Earnie Shavers on your Oct. 10 cover and four pages devoted to a mediocre fight, while only two pages were parceled out to commemorate Pele's final game (Pele, Pele, Pele). Where are your priorities? That week will not be remembered as the one in which Ali defeated what's his name; it will be remembered as the time when the great Pele retired from soccer. We are doomed, I fear, to many more Ali vs. what's his name fights. We will never see the likes of Pele again.

JAMES E. ABBOTT
Downey, Calif.

Sir

After countless others failed to sell it, Pele, writing all the way, willed soccer to the American people. His last legacy, however, is that he taught all of us what a sportsman really is.

JOHN S. STEELE
Hickory, N.C.

Sir

On the day Pele retired, it didn't rain. God cried.

DAVE SPENARD
Bradley, Ill.

YANKEE OWNER

Sir

I disapprove of your story on George Steinbrenner (Yankee Clipper, Oct. 10). Although I am not a Yankee fan, I am a New York sports fan. Over the past few years, I have watched this so-called "friend of the little guy" price most of us out of Yankee Stadium by jacking up ticket prices.

Everyone gripes about how players are out to get all they can. No wonder, with people like Steinbrenner running teams. His style, and that of M. Donald Grant, Calvin Griffith and the infamous Charles O. Finley, is not only bad for the game, but bad for sports in general. But it seems no one, and especially not SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, is bothered by this because Steinbrenner is a winner. Well, some of us are rooting against the Yankees—not because we love the Dodgers, but because we are tired of watching a baseball team run like a shipbuilding company.

DAVID ALEXANDER
Old Bridge, N.J.

Sir

Outside of sports, there is no doubt that men like George Steinbrenner are both needed and appreciated. Within the sports world, however, things should be run differently. How can professional sports survive if men like Steinbrenner go out and buy every superstar available so that they can build a "dynasty"? Part of the fun is in watching a so-called bad team build a winner through the draft and a good farm system. Fortunately, we still can look at teams like the Baltimore Orioles and the New England Patriots to see what a self-organizing team can do without buying a championship team.

BRICE J. BERNSTEIN
Syracuse, N.Y.

Sir

Colonel Jacob Ruppert bought the Yankees in 1915, but he didn't win a pennant until 1921. George Steinbrenner bought the Yanks in 1973 and they had a run at the division title in 1974 and won the pennant in 1976 and 1977. So I say, let George do it.

ROGER D. SPECKLER
South Bend, Ind.

Sir

George Steinbrenner is a great owner, never an apathetic person. He demands the utmost from all his employees, as the article stated, but look at the results. Steinbrenner

obviously has Yankee pride, and he wants total effort in a winning drive toward excellence.

GARY MASTAS
Lowell, Mass.

A SERVING OF CROW

Sir

I enjoyed the article *A True Test of Talent* (Oct. 2) by Larry Keith, wherein you presented a Philadelphia-Kansas City World Series. Needless to say, the analysis went awry somewhere. The tradition that the Yankee and Dodger organizations have developed over the years is so strong that they have the extra confidence and finesse to overcome superior teams. Being a Philie fan for the past 25 years hasn't been easy.

BOB CROWLEY
Great Falls, Mont.

Sir

I am enclosing a copy of the final standings in the American League's Eastern Division, along with a quote from your April 11 baseball preview: "For the first time since 1967, Baltimore has no chance to win anything."

Ninety-seven victories and one memorable division race later, I ask this: How do you like your crow, well done or burnt?

JAMES F. KILGALEN
Resterstown, Md.

TARKANIAN VS. THE NCAA

Sir

Having been a longtime follower of Jerry Tarkanian and his basketball programs at Pasadena City College and Long Beach State, and now at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas, I read your Oct. 10 article (*The Shark Grew a Ruling with Bure*) with a great deal of interest.

I have no doubt that the NCAA is guilty of denying Tarkanian his rights as he has charged. However, many believe that Tarkanian violated various NCAA recruiting regulations while he was head coach at Long Beach State. The institution was punished for these violations, as were two of his former players, Glenn McDonald, now of the Boston Celtics, and Roscoe Pondexter, both of whom had to go to court before they could play out that season at Long Beach State—after the departure of Tarkanian.

It is a shame that Long Beach State and some of its players had to carry the full burden of what was partly Tarkanian's responsibility, after he had scurried off to UNLV. Tarkanian may well be innocent of all charges at UNLV, and the NCAA may well be out to get him, but it must be noted that Tarkanian never did get a chance to test the

continued

Yesterday

by GEORGE GIPE

MARY MARSHALL WAS STRIDES AHEAD OF THE TIMES WHEN SHE BEAT A MAN

No sports encyclopedia mentions Mary Marshall, an oversight that in the post-King-Rags era ranks as an injustice of the first order. A century ago Marshall apparently was the first female to take on a man in a head-to-head—or, more precisely, foot-to-foot—professional sports event and show that women are not necessarily the weaker sex.

In 1876 Marshall, who lived in Chicago, was 26 years old, stood 5' 3" and weighed 135 pounds. She had been a professional pedestrian for less than a year. The sport of speed-walking was more than 100 years old but only recently had been gaining in popularity, partially because women found the emphasis on endurance rather than speed suited them. Looking about for a worthy opponent, Marshall issued a challenge to Bertha Von Hillern, a German who was one of the finest woman pedestrians of the day. Von Hillern had competed in Berlin against the clock and recently had defeated an American woman in a race in Peoria, Ill. Von Hillern, though also diminutive, was more athletic in appearance than Marshall. The *Baltimore American* described the German as having a "stocky" body with "stalwart ankles" and a face that "is not a handsome one, but is far from being unattractive." Dressed in somber colors, a black derby hat and carrying a whip at her side, Von Hillern presented a formidable figure on the pedestrian oval.

On the last day of January 1876, Marshall and Von Hillern began a six-day competition at Chicago's Second Regiment Armory for a purse of \$500. The women had hoped to cover 300 miles during the race, but after Marshall had completed 234 and Von Hillern had walked 231, Bertha quit, complaining of hometown "unfairness on the part of the referee." Von Hillern left the Midwest after issuing a challenge for a rematch anywhere but in Chicago.

The second Marshall-Von Hillern race took place in New York City's Central

Park Garden in early November of the same year. This time Marshall's feet started to give out after only 75 miles. "She has changed her shoes twice during the walk," *The New York Times* reported, "her feet having swelled a great deal." Despite the discomfort, Marshall plodded onward. After five days, she trailed Von Hillern by only 213 miles to 221, even though on one occasion she had been forced to retire for three hours to rest her feet. Her left ankle was swollen, and a blister had developed on her left heel, which caused observers to doubt her ability to finish the race. The limping Marshall somehow managed to complete 281 miles by the end of the sixth day, but Von Hillern, moving relentlessly forward, won with 323½.

Undaunted, Marshall promptly issued a challenge for a series of three 20-mile races to Peter L. Van Ness, a Philadelphia pedestrian who happened to be in New York at the time. The first to win two races would receive \$500 in prize money. Van Ness was capable of walking a mile in less than 10 minutes, but *The New York Sun* warned that he "lacks endurance." However, few thought that he would be unable to walk 20 miles in less time than it took a woman with chronically sore feet.

The scene of their competition was a 22-laps-to-the-mile track of packed earth and sawdust in Central Park Garden. The place was jammed when the first race began at 7:04 p.m. on Nov. 16, 1876. Van Ness, as expected, moved quickly into the lead, although, according to the *Times*, "neither appeared desirous of making very fast time." After Marshall walked two or three laps, it became evident that she was lame. Nevertheless, she doggedly walked on. At the end of eight miles, Van Ness retired "for refreshment" after having stepped off a succession of near-10-minute miles. Marshall, playing tortoise to Van Ness' hare, managed to cover a mile only once every 14 minutes, but completed 10 miles without a break.

Van Ness, not noticeably alarmed, appeared on the track as Marshall reached the halfway mark and walked his ninth mile in a brisk 9:45. During the next four miles, he cut considerably into his opponent's lead, then left the track for a second rest period. When he started out again, he completed only two more miles before taking a third break. Meanwhile, Marshall steadily plodded on. Van Ness

realized too late that he was hopelessly out of the race. At 12:15 Marshall completed the 20 miles, one mile and eight laps in front.

The next evening Van Ness had a more determined attitude, although it became obvious that even at his best he needed more rest than Marshall. "He walked rapidly away from her at the start," the *Sun* reported, "and made his first six miles in one hour and seven minutes, before she had completed her fifth mile. He continued to increase his lead until the end of the 10th mile, and then he retired from the track much exhausted, two miles and one-quarter ahead."

By continuing her steady pace, Marshall made Van Ness work for everything he got. "There was considerable excitement and early in the evening it was thought that Mary Marshall would be the winner," the *Times* wrote. "She walked very steadily and seemed to be in good condition, but Van Ness put in a brilliant ten-mile spurt later in the evening." That surge enabled him to beat Marshall and set the stage for the third and deciding race.

Again Van Ness began with a rush, completing 10 miles in one hour 51 minutes. At that point he had a lead of more than two miles, but it quickly evaporated during his ensuing 45-minute rest period. Reappearing on the track, he caught Marshall at the 13-mile point, and for a time it was neck-and-neck. But at the end of the 15th mile, Van Ness again ran out of gas and retired to the sideline. He later resumed the chase and was beginning his 20th mile as Marshall completed hers. The winning time was five hours nine minutes.

Some newspapers sneered at Marshall's victory. "Van Ness on Friday night walked his 20 miles in nearly two hours less than that occupied by Miss Marshall on Saturday night," *The Evening Post* remarked. Other papers were happy for the victorious woman and described her as "plucky."

Marshall apparently called it quits after her glorious victory. Both Van Ness and Von Hillern continued racing competitively, their names turning up frequently in newspaper accounts after 1876, but no mention is made of the little woman who beat a man at his own game. It may have been a case of deciding to retire while at the pinnacle of success. Or it could have been just sore feet.

END



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19TH HOLE continued

NCAA's allegations against him at Long Beach State, largely, I believe, to Tarkenton's relief, although he would apparently like us to think otherwise.

The issues are certainly clouded now, but it must be pointed out also that the NCAA is founded upon the principle of protecting the rights of all those involved. It is only because of the lack of regard for this intent that the NCAA has had to crack down on member institutions.

CLYDE FROELICH
Hayfork, Calif.

Sir:

Three cheers for Tark the Star! It's about time someone called the NCAA to task. Both the NCAA and the AAU have outlived their usefulness, barring some major overhauls. Both are biased power structures fighting for more and more power—the ultimate in bureaucratic control.

J. R. NANCE
Greensboro, N.C.

GRIESE AND HIS GLASSES

Sir:

Bob Griese a mechanic (*Spectacles Make Him Spectacular*, Oct. 10)? That's like saying Leonardo da Vinci painted by numbers. Or that Earl Weaver manages by the book. Ever since he stepped in for John Stofa, in the shadow of his own goalpost, Griese has called his own game, his intelligence, while directing his considerable but not spectacular physical gifts, has established him among the NFL's premier quarterbacks. That Griese can pass as comfortably to Nat Moore as he handed off to Larry Csonka is characteristic of his ability to exploit whatever team strengths, changing circumstances (and changing defenses) offer him.

Perhaps it is right that he is now wearing glasses. They give him an image more befitting the scholar of enemy defenses that he has always been.

MICHAEL BARRETT
Austin, Texas

Sir:

An interesting sidelight on Bob Griese's new glasses is that his ophthalmologist is none other than Dr. Dave Sims, former world-record holder in the 100-yard and 220-yard dashes and in the 220-yard low hurdles. Sims might have won gold medals in the 1956 Olympics at 100 and 200 meters and in the 400-meter relay, but he was injured before the Trials. However, he returned to training for the 1960 Rome Olympics, where he was runner-up in the 100 to Armin Hary in a close finish.

LANGLEY U. MURKIN
Miami

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